Maine Farmer.

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Maine Farmer.

Maine Fair Calendar, 1881.

Maine State Fair, at Lewiston, September 6-9.
Androscoggin County Fair, same time and place.
Franklin County, at Farmington, October 11-13.
Sagadahoc, at Topsham, October 11-13.
Waldo and Penobscot, at Monroe, October 5-6.
Waldo County, at Belfast, September 27-28.

Gypsum--Its Uses and Application.

Gypsum generally called plaster of Paris, has been used as a fertilizer, or as an aid to fertilization for centuries, and yet there is no subject connected with manures and their application to crops, about which there is a greater diversity of opinion; indeed we have rarely seen two persons whose views were exactly alike upon this matter. One man says he has thoroughly tested it and abandoned its use, not being able to see that it accomplished any good; another avers that he has used it and intends to use more of it, and would not farm without it, and still another says he tried it for several years without any appreciable benefit, but finally one year he applied it at a particular phase of the moon and thereby doubled his crop. And we might go on and quote the views of scores of persons who have written upon the subject, but whose views did not coincide. Still, the discussion unsatisfactory as it has been has accomplished some good because it has demonstrated the fact that one principal cause of the disagreement as to the use of gypsum has been the different circumstances under which it was used.

More than sixty years ago Sir Humphrey Davy wrote: "Great difference of opinion has prevailed among agriculturists with respect to the uses of gypsum. It has been advantageously used in Kent, and various testimonials in favor of its efficacy have been laid before the Board of Agriculture. In America it is used with signal success, but in most counties of England it has failed. Very discordant notions have been formed as to the mode of operation of gypsum. It has been supposed by some to act by its power of attracting moisture from the air, but this agency must be comparatively insignificant. Analysis of soils where it has failed, shows the presence of gypsum in the soil and this may account for many failures of this substance; it is not needed, as it previously existed in sufficient quantity in the soil."

It was not until Liebig, that great chemist discovered the existence of ammonia in rain-water, that an explanation was given as to the manure in which gypsum acted on plants. This is what Professor Liebig said: "The carbonate of ammonia contained in rain-water is decomposed by gypsum, in precisely the same manner as in the manufacture of salt ammoniac. Soluble sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of lime are formed, and this salt of ammonia, possessing no volatility is consequently retained in the soil. All the gypsum gradually disappears, but its action upon the carbonate of ammonia, continues as long as a trace of it exists. The action of gypsum really consists in its giving a fixed condition to the nitrogen—or ammonia which is brought into the soil and which is indispensable to the nutrition of plants." *Silliman's Journal*, in commenting upon this discovery of Professor Liebig said: "The fertility in gypsum arises exclusively from the fact, that the sulphate of lime fixes in the soil the ammonia dissolved in the atmosphere, which would otherwise be volatilized with the water in its evaporation. Soluble sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of lime are formed, and this salt of ammonia possessing no volatility is consequently retained in the soil. The decomposition of gypsum by carbonate of ammonia, however, does not take place instantaneously; on the contrary it proceeds very gradually, and this explains why the action of gypsum lasts several years."

Professor Liebigs' work from which the above is quoted, was written about forty years ago. Another writer about the same time, held that gypsum was decomposed in the soil by the carbonate of potash, the two resulting salts being the carbonate of lime and the sulphate of potash. It is well known that most soils contain the carbonate of potash and all soils should, and the writer held that the fact that the carbonate of potash exists in the soils in various proportions, may account in some degree for the widely different results in the use of gypsum. The sulphate of potash is abundant in plants, and hence there must be a liberal source of supply. "Gypsum," says this writer, "is found to have the best effect on sandy and siliceous soils, and the reason is that, as a rule, there is much more potash in such soils." In a later work by Liebig published in 1863, he favors the idea that gypsum has the property of effecting a distribution of potash in the ground; in another place in the same work, he says with reference to certain experiments, that "they showed the action of gypsum to be very complex, and that it promoted the distribution both of magnesia and potash in the ground." "This much" he adds, "is certain, that gypsum exercises a chemical action upon the soil which extends to any depth of it, and that in consequence of the chemical and mechanical modifications of the earth, particles of certain nutritive elements become accessible to, and available for plants, which were not so before."

Now with regard to the best method of applying gypsum to crops. For grain or clover it is recommended that it be sown broad-cast and mixed with the soil by means of a harrow. We think there can be no objection to this method. In regard to hoed crops, there are two methods of applying it and each method has its advocates. One is to put it in the hill with the seed and cover it with the hoe, and the other is to place it around the young plants after they have broken the ground. Our correspondent in another column, claims that when applied by the former method it does no good and might as well be poured into one hole. He is mistaken in supposing we advised this method; we only said it may be done by either method without attempting to say which was best. It will be noticed that in all the quotations we have made from Liebig, he speaks of the beneficial effects of gypsum *in* the ground, not on it. Our correspondent gives as a reason why it should be applied to the surface, that "plaster must have air and moisture to produce the best results." We would ask our correspondent if it does not get both these when buried in the hill? The seed cannot germinate without air and moisture, and it finds both of these in sufficient quantity when buried one or two inches below the surface. There is, as a rule, more moisture below the surface than on it, and if one of the important functions of plaster is to gather up and save the ammonia from the water in the soil, in a form to be used by the plants, it should be placed where it will find the most water and the most ammonia. If another function is to exchange its sulphuric acid with the potash, receiving the carbonic acid of the potash in return, it should be put into the soil where the potash is.

It argues nothing that a correspondent wrote us "that he had put eight bushels of plaster per acre under his potatoes and did not see any benefit from it." The same has been many times said of plaster, no matter in what manner applied. The soil may have an abundant supply of lime, of available potash, magnesia and nitrogen, in which case the gypsum would make no sign. We are aware that gypsum is used extensively in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and we should have great confidence in the results of any carefully conducted experiments with regard to the best method of applying it to the crops, but the fact that it is uniformly applied to the surface, does not prove that this is the best method unless the other method has been thoroughly tried and found to be inferior, which our correspondent does not state. If plaster is put upon the surface to catch the escaping ammonia, it should cover the surface entirely; a little scattered here and there can do but little in that direction. If it really by its combinations, furnishes plant food, why not place it where it can feed and strengthen the germ from the time it starts, and they are at the roots, through the absorbents of which, the food it supplies must be taken? These seem to us to be the logical conclusions, though as is sometimes the case, theory may not be borne out by practice.

Increasing the Fertility of Grass--Lands.

In the first volume of the *Journal* of the American Agricultural Association recently published, Mr. J. B. Lawes of England, has an article on increasing the fertility of grass lands including pastures from which we make extracts. In the neighborhood of cities and large towns it is found more profitable to keep the land in pasture and hay, dairy products, vegetables and fruit, usually take the place of grain crops, for the reason that the former give a much larger money value return per acre than the latter. There are also in this State of Maine many pastures which from their situation and surface, can never be used for anything else, and where these are used for a series of years for keeping milch cows, they will necessarily run-out. There is scarcely anything more exhaustive to a pasture than milk production, and where the milk is sold from the farm or converted into butter and cheese and these products sold, a large amount of the fertility of the pasture is removed every year.

Mr. Lawes says that years ago, a very remarkable improvement of some pasture land in one of the northern counties of England, was made by a large dressing of bones. The land had always been employed in the production of cheese, for which the county was celebrated. This success induced others to use bones, and people whose land had been impoverished by the continued sale of hay wondered why the bones in their case, produced no effect, they not distinguishing the difference in the character of the exhaustion of the soil, due to the sale of cheese, as compared with that which took place by the constant removal of the hay. Cheese has been found to contain six per cent of the phosphate of lime, a substance which is supplied to the soil by the application of bone.

An ordinary pasture is made up of a variety of plants, belonging to different botanical species which we generally classify under three heads, as in the following table, which also shows the general composition of each:

	Nitrogen. per cent.	Mineral. per cent.
Gramineous Herbage,	1.17	5.9
Leguminous Herbage,	2.32	6.8
Miscellaneous,	1.23	8.7

Hay being a mixture of these different classes of plants, must vary a good deal in composition; but it may be considered to contain on the average 1.3 per cent of nitrogen and 7 per cent of mineral matter. It is assumed here that carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen are derived from the atmosphere, and the mineral matter and nitrogen from the soil. This would be equivalent to 92 parts in 100 of dry hay, being derived from the atmosphere and only 8 parts from the soil. The nitrogen itself, came originally from the atmosphere, which is the great source of it, and has been stored up in the soil by natural vegetation, and is one of the elements of the soil's fertility.

In the Rothamstead pastures which have been under experiment for the past twenty-five years, Mr. Lawes calculates that the nitrogen upon the permanently unmanured land amounts to 8,000 pounds per acre within the first fifteen inches of the surface. This large amount has enabled him to increase very considerably the hay crop by means of mineral manures alone. Still a much larger increase is obtained when nitrogen is added to the minerals.

Mr. Lawes then proceeds to give in a tabular form, the results of twenty years' experiments with different kinds of manures on permanent grass land, but which are too lengthy and complicated for us to copy here. In the employment of artificial nitrogen, he remarks that its application is always attended with loss. Throughout all his twenty years of experiments at Rothamsted, the amount of nitrogen recovered in the increased produce, was always very much less than the amount applied in the manure. This he regards as a matter of great importance to the farmers of the United States, and he recommends it to their careful consideration. Artificial nitrogen, in all its forms, is a very costly substance, and the difference between the possible and actual result, may turn the profit into a loss—while unfortunately the amount of nitrogen which may be lost, is dependent upon such a variety of contingencies, that it is impossible to lay down any rule on the nitrogen.

"A crop of corn, wheat, oats, barley, as carted from the field—I refer to the total produce—contains about one per cent of nitrogen; by adding nitrogen to a mineral manure, we can more than double the produce given by the application of mineral manures alone; but if the whole of the nitrogen applied as a manure could be recovered in the crop, the result would be that each pound of nitrogen would produce 100 lbs. increase in the crop. Let us assume that a crop of wheat, fully supplied with mineral manures, yields 12 bushels per acre, and that double that crop is wanted; 12 bushels at 61 lbs. to the bushel give 732 lbs. of grain, and estimating 100 lbs. of straw to each 61 lbs. of grain, the amount altogether is 1,932 lbs. containing 19 lbs. of nitrogen. Now, 100 lbs. of sulphate of ammonia, or 140 lbs. of nitrate of soda, ought to produce this increase, but we find that it does not, as our results appear to show a loss of about one-half of the nitrogen applied; whatever the loss may ultimately prove to be, the fact that a loss will occur must not be lost sight of in dealing with so costly a substance."

The results of his experiments, Mr. Lawes says, make it somewhat doubtful whether hay can be grown profitably by means of artificial manures applied to a permanent pasture. Compared with its selling price, hay removes more of the soil constituents from the land than most of our salable products. One hundred pounds of hay will remove nearly as much nitrogen and much more mineral matter than 100 lbs of wheat. These considerations must all be studied when the question comes as to the profitable application of expensive manures. But while the evidence is somewhat against the use of artificial manures when hay is grown for sale, it by no means forbids their employment when grass land is used for the production of meat, milk, butter, or cheese.

If land has been impoverished by the sale of hay and hay is to be sold, dung is the cheapest manure to apply; but if land so impoverished is intended for the future to produce milk, meat, or other animal products, potash is sure to be wanting, and the best manure to apply will be either 200 lbs. of sulphate or muriate of potash, or three times that quantity of kanit salts, and, in addition to whichever of these substances is selected, 200 lbs. of superphosphate of lime and from 60 to 80 lbs. of nitrate of soda. If, however, the land has been impoverished merely by feeding stock, then the exhaustion will be more likely due to the absence of nitrogen and phosphate, and fertility must be restored by an application of these substances as manures. Quality of pasture is dependent on the food in the soil; in land under grass there is a constant struggle between the various plants which constitute what we call a pasture. If the food is abundant and good, the good grasses drive away all the weeds and bad grasses, and the ultimate result is a very simple herbage, consisting of the best species. The constant mowing, although it enables us to establish a great deal of valuable information respecting growth, is, at the same time, most destructive to the finer sorts of herbage; it cannot be expected, for instance, that much white clover will be found amongst grasses standing three feet high, and yielding 7,000 lbs. of hay to the acre; with liberal manuring, therefore, must be close feeding, and the coarse, but highly nutritious cocksfoot and foxtail must not be allowed to smother the clover and trefoil.

Bees in Spring.

Mr. G. W. P. Jerrard, who has devoted years to the study of the habits of honey bees, and who is a large and most successful bee-keeper, writes the *Aroostook Republican* as follows, respecting the care to be bestowed upon bees in spring:

At no season of the year is proper management more essential to insure success, than during the early spring, before the honey harvest commences. Upon this depends in a large measure the strength of the colonies at the time when laborers are wanted. Immediately upon being taken from their winter quarters and allowed to fly, their Queen begins to deposit eggs for the young brood, and if she is as fertile as the average, the extent of her laying will only be limited by the capacity of the colony to protect and nurse the growing larvæ. And since a considerable warmth is required at all stages, from the time the egg is deposited in the cell, until the perfect winged insect comes forth twenty-one days later, the importance of closing all holes in the hives except the entrances, and making them as warm as possible is obvious. And for this reason, do not be in haste about putting on surplus boxes for they are not wanted until the honey season is actually at hand, and the hives teeming with myriads of bees. When the bees begin to appear in large numbers upon the outside of the hives, and flowers are producing honey abundantly, is the proper time to put on boxes.

Many people have lots of trouble with their bees robbing or getting robbed at this season, and in autumn, and unpleasant feelings between neighbors frequently arise from this source. Now to avoid all this trouble, examine the hives at night after they have their first flight in spring to be sure they are sufficiently stocked with bees, and examine them again after the second good warm day. Stocks which have lost their queen during the winter or have become very much dwindled down, will desert their hives and join some other on the first or second days when they fly, after being removed from winter quarters. When you find a hive deserted or nearly so, take it out of the way of the other bees for if left open on its stand, plunder will be sure to follow.

All Stocks of bees if they have a laying Queen and bees enough to make them worth anything, will defend themselves and their stores against robber bees *every time, if let alone.* So if we do not tinker and tamper with the hives but allow them their entrances wide open as in summer, they will feel at home in their hives and woe to the avaricious thief who dares put her foot into its sacred precincts. If, through ignorance or neglect, you put out a worthless stock, with a hive full of honey and no bees to protect it, you may expect that your own or your neighbors bees will follow the instincts which God has given them, and carry off the treasure be it much or little. And if the neighbor's bees were the culprits, do not get offended with him if he does not give you a good stock for the worthless thing you have lost, for his bees are worth no more for the honey they have stolen at this season of the year which they did not need, and you have not lost much, only a few pounds of poor honey.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Among the Maine Stock Breeders.

Millbrook Farm, Waterville; N. R. Boutelle, M. D., Proprietor.

Situated at the crossing of the two main branches of the Maine Central Railroad, eighteen miles north, and up the river Kennebec from Augusta, the capital of the State, is the flourishing village and fine farming town of Waterville. It is the seat of the college known as Colby University, and of the Maine Central Railroad repair shops. A few years ago a large and spacious cotton mill was erected here, known as the Lockwood mill, driven by the fine water power of Ticonic falls. There is also a fine flouring mill, a stove manufactory and various other industries. The village is backed up by fine farming lands and farms in every direction. Dr. Boutelle, the proprietor of Millbrook Farm, is among our oldest and best known breeders of A. J. C. C. stock. He is a gentleman of fine taste, and sound judgment, and who devotes the time left, or snatched from a busy professional life, "between whiles," to breeding and care of his fine herd of Jerseys, and his unexcelled flock of Southdown sheep. The farm lies in the outskirts of the village, or more correctly, 50 acres of it, the other 125 being more outlying. It will be seen that the farm embraces 175 acres. The buildings in range and capacity are on a par with those of the better class of stock breeders in this State, and finely adapted to use, being very practical in their construction, arrangement and adaptation to the designed purposes. The foreman lives on the farm in the farmhouse, the doctor in a fine, commodious and thoroughly built and furnished brick house in the northerly part of the village, but a short distance from the R. R. depot, and on the main street.

The soil of the farm is for the most part a fine clay loam. Soiling was formerly practiced summers, but since the purchase of pasturage, it is only pursued to the extent of helping out the pastures during the fall season. The original farm of 50 acres has been brought up to a very fine state of cultivation.

The cooking of cattle food was once pursued, at the time when the cooking mania was having its run. It has been abandoned and beside it, ere long, may be buried the ensilage idea, and the silo business. We shall see. The doctor has been a persistent and successful exhibitor of stock, and the records of the Maine State, and of the New England Agricultural Societies for the past ten years show that he has borne away a large share of the premiums and prizes in all classes.

The herd consists at present of two bulls, six cows and heifers in milk, and two calves. The head of the herd is the fine bull "Corporal Trim" (1911) five years old, solid dark gray running into black on neck and sides, bred by Dr. Boutelle, sire Euclid (520) dam Vigot (1084). He is in all things a very fine animal with unusually fine ear and skin, gentle as a lamb, and a remarkably good stock getter. He took first premiums at state fairs in 1876-79-80, and second at New England in 1877 and 1879. He is not only a very fine animal, but comes of fine dairy and prize winning stock. We can easily excuse the doctor for being proud of him. The bull "Yorick" is next, solid color, with exception of white spot on right flank, 2 years old. Mill Brook bred, sire Corporal Trim, dam Fantibel (2629). "Fantibel" solid dark fawn, black points, bred by Col. Waring, Ogden farm, Newport, R. I., 8 years old, sire Belisario (611), dam Fantine (1271), won first prize New England fair, 1875, first at Me. State 1876-80. "Voila" (3746) grayish fawn, some white, V-shaped spot in forehead, Mill Brook bred, six years old, sire Lord Aylmer (1067) dam Vigot (1084) 1st prize N. E. fair, 1875. "Lottie Belle", (5758) solid dark fawn, some white on legs and belly, star in face, crook at root of tail, Mill Brook bred, four years old, sire Tristram Shandy (1767) dam Fantibel (2679) took second prize at New England fair in 1877, and first prize at Me. State fair in 1880. "Cheri" (6674) grayish fawn, some white on flanks and legs, Mill Brook bred, 3 years old, sire Corporal Trim, dam Voila. "Flotibel" (6948) solid dark grayish fawn, black points, Mill Brook bred, 3 years old, sire Corporal Trim, dam Fantibel. "Lily Langtry" (7612) solid color except white spot on right thigh. Mill Brook bred, 2 years old, sire Corporal Trim, dam Voila.

There are at present two cows and two 2 year old heifers giving milk, from which over thirty pounds of butter per week are made. Their feed is hay, and morn and eve a ration of two quarts bran and one quart corn meal. The butter is supplied weekly to regular customers at a very satisfactory price. Superior butter, especially Jersey butter is always in demand, and there is no fear of overstocking the market with such an article as that of Mill Brook farm. There are a few heifer calves now on hand; seven females and two males have been sold from the herd the past year. The demand for Dr. Boutelle's stock is steady and persistent and outruns the supply. It will be seen that the feed given the cows is only moderate, and hardly as much as given by average milkmen and dairymen. The stock is in fine thrifty condition and full of vigor and health.

Southdown sheep are a specialty and the doctor has succeeded in breeding up even this good breed to a very high degree of improved excellence. His flock of thirty breeding ewes, and eighteen lambs, are very hard to beat. We should not know where to look in this State and hardly in New England for anything equal to it. It may not be out of the way here to say that for Maine farmers and sheep keepers. No better breed exists in my humble opinion, taken all in all, than the Southdown, and no better blood can be found than that of Mill Brook farm. It is healthy, acclimated, hardy and powerful in its purity. I have known, in our own vicinity, of bucks from the doctor's flock that have vastly and astonishingly improved the common stock upon which they were crossed, and the grades thus obtained were very popular and profitable sheep. I am glad to notice that the Southdowns and various downs based upon them are coming into favor.

Like the practice of most all, if not all, breeders of dairy stock, the calves are raised on skim milk, reinforced when they are of suitable age with oatmeal, shorts, or some such bone and flesh forming feed, avoiding such feed as would tend to fatten, or "flesh up" the calf.

A fine manure cellar extends its capacious room beneath the barn. Here the "working crew" of hogs are kept at it manipulating the manure. Formerly the pretty and fine blooded Essex were largely bred, but they have gone out under the rules, or by amendment, and only workers are kept at present. The lambs are dropped in March. The sheep are fed on hay, morn and eve. At noon they have about a quart each of sliced turnips. No grain is fed until near lambing time. They then have a sufficient quantity of oats and bran to keep them in good condition. They have brownish faces and legs, and are hardy, long lived, and most excellent mutton. The blood is from Lord Walsingham's "Merton" flock and that of the celebrated Henry Webb.

The Southdowns are a small-boned, small offaled breed, with breadth in the best parts, rump and ham, loin and back, deep in the brisket, square and level throughout. In fact as blocky as a shorthorn and a most beautiful and useful breed, the mutton uniformly bringing the highest price in the market. It is not a mere matter of fancy, which leads buyers to prefer Southdown mutton. It is juicier, higher flavored, and more like beef, and yet having a full, rich mutton flavor, free from woolliness, and the meat is veined and marbled with fat. There is a greater proportion of lean to fat in all fatted animals than in most breeds. The favor in which this breed is held is noticeable from the fact that the gray pates and legs are always left upon the carcasses when dressed for the markets, and hanging in butchers' stalls, so that connoisseurs may recognize their favorite breed. Mutton of the closely allied breeds, Shropshire and Hampshire downs is generally passed off for Southdown in the market, but the legs and faces of these breeds are of a much darker color. The doctor's flock averages six pounds of wool per head. They are sheared in April, and it is considered far preferable to washing and shearing, or shearing without washing in June as many practice. I can testify to the excellence of this flock of Southdowns. The lambs testify by early maturity their adaptability to the general want. Mill Brook Farm, Jerseys and sheep have recognized value wherever they are known, and he who is fortunate enough to procure some of the blood, may congratulate himself on his wisdom as well as his luck.

Brooks. J. W. Lang.

For the Maine Farmer.

Profitable Farming.

Drouths often cause a great falling off of upland crops and heavy rains destroy those of lowlands. World-wide observation has proven that cutting down the forests greatly lessens the annual rainfall. We can see it for ourselves; where fifty years ago was a never-failing brook, we find now in summer time, only the dry and sandy bed of a spring water-course. These brooks have disappeared before our very eyes. Now the presence of trees not only increases the annual rainfall, but also causes it to descend in occasional showers, thus avoiding in nature that which is so destructive of life in man, viz: a long feast and a long fast, i. e., a long rain succeeded by a long drouth. Trees purify the air and create showers which themselves purify the air and tend to increase vegetation. Thus in three senses the presence of trees is beneficial.

Some think they must cut away the trees to obtain new land, but that is not necessary. He would be considered a poor physician, who had to move every few years to a new town to get practice; he ought to be considered a poor farmer who has to seek new fields because his old fields have run out. It need not—ought not to be. None of us would expect his cattle, day after day, to drink from a trough that is not as often refilled; no more ought we to expect to draw crops from a field that is not constantly re-enriched.

The farmers of Switzerland use every means—even go out in the fields and gather the droppings of animals—to collect compost, a heap of which may be found before every house. The women and children assist. Their lives depend upon it. And as a result, in spite of their rocks and snowy hills, but one country (viz. Belgium) raises more food per acre.

Why are the crops of Belgium large? Is their soil more fertile than ours? No. It is because of the intensity of their cultivation. The farms are constantly being divided and with each division the production is increased. The average farm consists of from five to seven acres—a mere garden we should call it. And it is in fact a garden. The farmer puts his whole work on that farm and the result is simply astonishing. Every square mile of Flemish Belgium supports 1800 inhabitants—nearly ten times as dense as the most populous State in the Union. Their farms being small they must be constantly re-cropping the same field; but the fields don't run out, for they aim at a rotation of crops and the immense number of horned cattle there raised keep the fields fertile, and the exports of meat pay for all the imports.

By deep plowing, many of our farmers can find beneath the old and run-out field, which now yields only a scanty crop of June-grass and buttercup, a new field rich and productive, easily obtained and easily worked. Let us then observe these maxims:

1. Preserve the forests, thus increasing the healthfulness and productiveness of the locality.
2. Have small farms.
3. Have a rotation of crops.
4. Plow deep.
5. Eat the hay upon the farm.
6. Raise good stock for fair prices and profits.
7. Save all the manure; make an effort to get more, and don't allow it to lie in the cellar or against the barn, rotting it away and losing its own virtue, thus being a loss to the farmer in two respects; but use it, and it will pay three times the dividend of money at interest and be invested in a bank that never fails. Ned.

For the Maine Farmer.

Something New.

The Separation of Cream by the Centrifugal Process.

Centrifugal force is applied in the dairy to a good purpose, separating the milk from the cream and impurities from the milk. When different substances are moving around a common center, those that are heaviest fly off with greatest force and to the greatest distance. A stone and a feather cast from a sling, the stone goes furtherest, very much so. A cork and a feather cast from a sling, the cork would go the futherest. The heaviest retain the imparted momentum longest. Many will remember the school boy practice of swinging a pail, partly filled with water, in a circle overhead, over and over, without spilling a drop. This is centrifugal force. The principle has been applied to extraction of honey from the comb.

The Centrifuge, or Centrifugal Machine for separating the cream from the milk, is made of steel in the form of a hollow cylinder thirty or more inches in diameter, with a tight bottom and top, in the latter of which is a hole with cover some eight inches in diameter. The hold or cylinder is subjected to so great rotary force that in order to insure strength enough for safety, steel has to be employed. When under the full head of speed, fifteen to sixteen hundred revolutions per minute, the presure on the sides is some two hundred pounds per square inch. The cylinder sets upright turning on a pivot below. Milk is strained into it fresh and warm from the cow, and speed applied, very soon the milk takes the form of the cylinder with a hole in the middle, exposing the bottom of the cylinder clean and dry. The inner wall of this cylindrical shaped mass of milk is as perfect as its outer one that rests against the steel sides of the steel cylinder. Soon on these smooth inner, milky walls a yellow tinge appears and thickens. This is the cream all thrown inside on the inner walls, being lighter than the milk. The more watery portions of the milk, the casein in suspension, is thrown outward, toward and against the cylinder sides. A flexible siphon tube is furnished with a nozzle somewhat like a scoop, and a dexterous use of this takes up the cream from the perpendicular milk wall, and the force of the moving mass causes a strong out-flow through the siphon.

The cream is light, thin and perfectly sweet and delicious. It is adapted to eating with fruits, ices, or family or hotel uses. The cream is quickly separated and the skimmed milk is fresh and superior. It is much better than whole milk for those inclined to take on fat too rapidly, those of delicate stomachs or kidney troubles. It makes a very respectable cheese, and is better for pigs and calves than when older. So perfect is the separation of the cream by the centrifugal process and the use of the centrifuge that not a cupful is left in a hundred quarts of milk.

This method is adapted to very large dairies and creameries rather than to small dairies in its present state of developement. By and by science and practice combined may so simplify and cheapen it that it may be in reach and for interest of smaller dairies to use. Mr. Edward Burnett of Deerfoot Farm, Southboro, is at present I believe the only dairyman in New England, if not in the United States, that runs a centrifuge in separating his cream, and the milk of some five hundred cows has been manipulated the past season with his two machines, holding eighty quarts each.

J. W. Lang.

Application of Plaster.

Mr. Editor.—In your issue of the 12th in answer to J. S., how and when to use plaster, you give advice that is so at variance with my experience in the use of plaster that I thought I would take up my pen and say a few words, having used it more or less for twenty five years, and being in a part of the country where there are some hundreds of tons used every year. I will just give you my experience hoping it will benefit some of the farmers of Maine. About one year ago one of your correspondents stated that he had put eight bushels of plaster per acre with his potatoes and covered it in the hill with the seed, and did not see any benefit from it. Had he dug a hole in his field and put the plaster all in and covered it up the result would have been just about the same, as plaster must have air and moisture to produce the best results. The proper time to use plaster on grass is as soon as the snow is off in the spring; about one bushel per acre for oats; that is, sow one bushel per acre when the oats are up about two inches high; for potatoes sprinkle some over the seed when cutting; some will adhere to the newly cut part and dry the cut; when through with the first hoeing go through the field and put about a tablespoonful on each hill, or a handful on five or six hills, and then if there is a rain soon after just watch them grow. I do not think that plaster in itself has any value as a manure—the same as barnyard manure or commercial fertilizers; its value consists in its qualities of concentrating and retaining certain gasses with a certain amount of moisture that is in the air, and thus benefit the growing crop. Bluenose.

Wakefield, N. B.

We are very glad to receive communications upon practical subjects from practical farmers, and have no objections to having our views criticised. We do not claim perfection by any means, and about these perplexing subjects no one can claim to know everything. For more extended remarks upon the general subjects and upon his criticisms, our correspondent is referred to the editorial columns.—Ed.

To Restore Fertility.

Professor Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural College, is one of the ablest writers on Agricultural Chemistry in the country, and to his efforts is largely due the success which has attended that State institution. Professor Kedzie recently delivered a course of lectures in Mississippi and the subject of one of these lectures was "How To Restore a Dead Cotton Field." Some parts of the lecture are of general application, and to such portions as we have selected, we invite the careful attention of our readers. Anything that bears upon the great question of restoring impaired or lost fertility, is deserving of careful consideration by the farmers of New England.

After explaining the effects of the continuous cultivation of this single crop, the speaker said that the element in especial demand to restore fertility is combined nitrogen, and as this was the first and most important thing to be supplied, the question presented is, how shall it be done? To buy salts of ammonia and nitrates is too expensive; the application of cotton-seed (which are rich in combined nitrogen), on worn-out lands would simply be "robbing Peter to pay Paul," for while the field receiving the seed would be enriched, that from which they were taken would be impoverished, and barn-yard manure is not to be had in sufficient quantities to be practicable for manuring cotton plantations. The source of supplying the required element must be as wide-spread as the want to be supplied, and Prof. Kedzie held that the only condition which approaches this is found in green manuring, or plowing under green vegetable matter for the purpose of accumulating combined nitrogen and soluble salts for the use of subsequent crops, or to improve the physical condition of the soil. As the concluding portions of this address are applicable to farmers everywhere, we reproduce them here:

"A farm differs from almost every other kind of property in its capacity for perpetual production. A horse or a cow lives but a few years, and the problem for the farmer is how to produce the greatest profit from them for the short period of their life. But a farm never dies—or never should die. It is a possession for all time, and should be farmed with reference to its perpetual productiveness. The man who, for immediate profit, 'skins his farm' by injudicious cropping, is as short-sighted as if he should skin his living cow for the profit in the hide.

"Some one has wisely said, 'In building a house, build as if you expected to live forever.' The same rule is emphatically applicable to farming. Manage your farm as if you expected to live forever. Whatever treatment will injure your farm in future time, avoid in the present time. The house, though hewn out of granite, will fall at last, but the farm may be so conducted that for thousands of years it may exhibit ever-increasing productiveness. Manage your farm so that your fields shall keep green your memory long after you have turned to dust.

Over the climate of his farm man has no direct control; the seasons, whether wet or dry, warm or cold, are beyond his reach. Indirectly he may modify the climate of his fields by drainage, by the amount of vegetable matter in the soil, by shielding them by windbreaks, or by opening them up to the action of the wind and sun. But over the soil and its food supply for vegetable growth, he has unlimited control; he may make it as productive as he will. But in all these operations the question of cost and profit must always be kept in view. The production of large crops by a wasteful expenditure of capital, is not a result over which a farmer need feel proud. The man who buys superphosphate while his land is cumbered with bones, who buys potash, and sells his ashes for six to ten cents a bushel to the soap boiler, or who buys guano, yet sells his cotton seed or leaves his dead animals to pollute the air of the neighborhood by their decomposition, is not a model farmer. The question that should always be before the farmer is, how can I most economically make my fields most productive?

"I believe the cheapest and easiest way to bring up a run down farm—one that any and every man can use—is by green manuring. Suppose your farm is too poor for clover and grass makes only a feebie growth, put on it a manurial crop that will grow, such as rye or Japan clover, turn this under with your plow, and you can then raise something better; keep feeding your soil with everything your shovel and your team can command—ashes, leached ashes if you can get them by drawing them within five miles, muck, marl, anything that will bring a green mantle over your fields. Soon you can set the clover or pea pump to work pumping up to the surface the inexhaustible resources of your sub-soil. If the animal dies don't stop to bewail your luck and exclaim, 'everything goes to the dogs on my farm!' Don't send it to the dogs at all, but compost it with muck or even soil, and thus secure a most valuable manure! Pick up all the bones you can find, put them under cover and mix with them two or three times their bulk of ashes from your kitchen; moisten them with enough water so that the potash may act on the gelatine of the bones, stir them over once a week, and in a month or two you will find the bones so tender that you can cut and crush them with a blow of your shovel; beat the whole into a powdery mass, and you will have a manure better than the average of the superphospates which you feel too poor to buy. Give a handful of this to each hill of cotton or corn, and see how they will wave their banner of green, and cover your fields with the mimic snow of the cotton, or pour into your basket the golden ears of corn.

"But in bringing your soil into good condition, do not neglect green manuring; let every wind that blows over your fields bring them a blessing in the shape of atmospheric plant food. Do all these things patiently and hopefully without urging your soil beyond what it can do, and you will yet, out of the fulness of a grateful heart exclaim, 'bless God for the farm!'"

"Another marked benefit secured by green manuring, arises from the different habits of plants in regard to the distribution of their roots in the soil. One class send the most of their roots deep into the soil, and draw most of their mineral or ash food from the sub-soil; the roots of another class are mainly distributed in the surface soil, and draw their ash food mainly from this source. This is especially true if the soil is clay, or if there is a hard-pan beneath the surface soil. I call the first class the deep feeders; the second class the face feeders. Clover and other leguminous plants are deep feeders; wheat and other cereals are surface feeders. Last year I sent my class in agricultural chemistry to test my statement in regard to the depth to which the clover sends its roots. In a very tenacious clay soil they traced the tap root of a clover five feet and some inches into the soil, when the root broke and they lost the trail. The tap root of the clover knows what it is made for—to tap the sub-soil and draw off its mineral wealth. If you will examine the root of a pea, instead of a tap root, you will find three or four roots, nearly parallel, passing very deeply into the soil.

"Leguminous plants, but especially the clover and cow peas—the kings of manurial crops—draw their main supply of soil food from the deep sub-soil, and by their growth and decay they accumulate these salts in the surface soil. I call them the soil pumps to pump the resources of the sub-soil up to the surface soil, where it is stored for the use of surface feeders like the cereals. When the clover and pea are buried in the surface soil they have added to this soil mineral matter which was not there before; they afford a positive increase to the surface soil not only of nitrogen and other accumulated of air food, but also of potash, lime, magnesia and phosphates for the use of subsequent crops. This wonderful power of clover to drink in from the air above, and to pump up from the deeper soil beneath, all the elements so essential to the development of cereals, and which they unaided are so powerless to secure, explains why clover is such an excellent preparative for a wheat crop. Much of this benefit is secured by what the scythe leaves, viz.: the clover stubble and roots; but when the whole crop is buried in the soil, the effect is astonishing.

For the Maine Farmer.

Correspondents' Notes and Queries.

During the season of 1880 N. R. Huston lost ten or more lambs from his pasture and field adjoining his house, the most of them being found with their throats bit and blood sucked. The past winter a Loupcervier visited his barnyard one night and killed two valuable sheep. The past week he lost four lambs from his pasture in the day time, the sheep were yarded nights. Search being made, one was found in the edge of the woods by the pasture with its throat bit. Thinking if they disappeared as fast all summer he should be minus lambs in the fall, he offered Charles King five dollars to catch the "robber." The sheep were taken from the pasture and traps set, and when Mr. Huston visited them a few mornings since he was rejoiced to find a very large Loupcervier caught in a bear trap by his fore paw. It seems hardly possible that one could have done so much mischief, but Mr. Huston hopes that he did. It has been very dry here this spring, but it began to rain the 15th and continues at the present time, so those who complained of the lack of rain now think they are getting too much of a good thing. Grass wintered well, and the rain has washed it and given it a good start. Apple trees are budding well and give promise of a good crop if it comes off warm. Some have planted their potatoes but the seed will be liable to rot on wet land. Early sown wheat is up.

Winn. Correspondent.

Spring opened later than last year. The frogs came two days later than last year to sing their sweet serenade and tell us that spring is here. We have had five days of cold drenching rain; the land is overflowed with water, and it is still cloudy with wind in the east at this date, May 21. The storm has been a trying one to sheep and lambs such as have strayed from the fold. With but very few exceptions farmers have not yet commenced to put their seed into the ground. It must be a long time before the land gets dry and warm ready to till, consequently the acreage of hoed crops cannot be so extensive as it otherwise might have been, and what must be the leading crop the coming season? The grass got an early start and looks promising, with the exception of a small portion that winter killed. I drove past a snowbank at Gully Brook, Monson, on the 16th inst., which was some two hundred feet long, two rods wide and ten feet deep, it is fast melting away. James Wyman.

Monson.

"W. P. A." makes a few enquiries in the Farmer under the caption of "The question of Feed." Perhaps my experience has taught me something about these questions. I fed shorts enough to become thoroughly convinced that I was paying "too dear for the whistle." I think whoever pays more than one-half the market price for that kind of feed is making a poor use of his money. The question is asked, "can shorts be entirely dispensed with, with safety and profit?" I answer yes, and cannot be used with profit at the usual prices. I know of nothing safer to feed to a cow or any animal in proper quantities than sound corn meal, and I know of nothing better to mix with it than oat or barley meal; no better feed can be given to a cow than a mixture of these three in equal quantities. W. B. F.

East Dixmont.

Mr. T. A. Ricker of Clinton, Me., says in his letter of May 22, I have used the Meadow King Mower three years, cutting from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five acres per year, and is decidedly the best I ever used. I have mowed acres with it that I could not mow with any other mower, having used three other different mowers. Never have used any that does the work so easy and so well as yours, and when I have to buy

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, June 2, 1881.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

Mr. A. H. TABER, will call upon our subscribers in York county in June.

Mr. J. P. CLARK, will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot county during June and July.

Mr. C. S. ATER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Cumberland county during June and July.

The Tribute of a Nation.

"All softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground;
The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

Monday last was observed throughout the nation as a day sacred to the memory of the fallen soldiers of the Republic—to the sleeping heroes who bared their breasts to the storms of battle, and stood between our peaceful homes and firesides and the enemy's bullet. It was a day set apart especially to bring to the notice of the people of the country the services and last great and triumphant sacrifices of those who dared to die that our country might live, and to place upon each mound rising above the dust of heroes the sweet and touching tribute of flowers. To many a soldier living, bearing about with him the scars of the bullet that barely missed its fatal aim, the day brought trooping forth from the past memories of the period of bloodshed and of danger; to the tearful one in weeds, bending over the grave of buried hopes, the lightning again flashed along memory's wire the sad message that left the hearthstone desolate, but to most the day came to fan the flames of patriotism and hope for our country. Nature participated in the holy offering, and gave to the few last hours of spring-time a beauty and freshness that made a fitting introduction to the charms that await us in the coming summer. With supernal lavishness she gave her richest and rarest flowers as a sacred thank-offering.

The farther we are removed from the struggle, the better estimate can we make of it, and less blinded are we by its nearness. An artist who views the mountain from its base, loses many of the fine effects and most charming outlines because of his very close proximity to them. So in looking upon the achievements of our brave soldiers so near their great sacrifice, we have heretofore been less able to form a comprehensive idea of the questions at issue, as a symmetrical whole, as we shall be when these Memorial days shall bear us farther and still farther down the stream of time. True it is, that sixteen years have passed since the Union soldiers laid down their arms, and returned to the productive industries of life. During these years many wounds have been healed and bitter feelings softened; a new generation walks the earth; and scarcely is there a child at school whose knowledge of the war of the Rebellion extends beyond the printed page. But to the heroes in the Grand Army of the Republic, and others in active life, the time that reaches back to the dark hours of our country's peril seems but a span.

That was not a war of conquest, to wrench from some power contiguous territory, or to contend for a foothold upon foreign soil, as Napoleon strove to gain a foothold in Russia. It was unlike either of the eight Crusades to deliver the Holy Land from unbelievers, and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the vandals. Nor was it the counterpart of the fiery enthusiasm of the French for a plucky Emperor, or the ambitious spirit that prompted the mighty achievements of Alexander. But it was a struggle to perpetuate the precious inheritance bequeathed to us by our fathers, and to preserve intact the Union which the glowing mind of Webster craved as the profoundest thought of the most sublime occasion. Thus these Memorial days shall not arouse the spirit of sectional animosity, the bitterness of partisan strife, or the narrow conceptions of the demagogue, but they shall teach us that patriotism is not an ornament or a garment to be worn at convenience or on State occasions, but that it is the abiding characteristic of the true American citizen.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY. A meeting of the Maine Historical Society was held at the Society's rooms in Portland, on Wednesday of last week. There was a meeting of the Standing Committee in the morning and among other matters of business, Messrs. Hoyt, Fogg & Dunham were appointed sole agents for the sale of the Society's publications. It was also voted to procure a cut of Fort Halifax, to embellish the 8th volume of Proceedings now in press. In the afternoon Mr. H. W. Bryant, assistant Librarian, made a carefully prepared report of his operations since the removal of the Society to Portland. He was followed by Mr. R. K. Sewall, who gave an account of the Field Day of 1879 at Pemaquid. Hon. Geo. F. Talbot, gave a brief sketch of Gen. John Chandler, the first Senator from Maine. J. P. Baxter, Esq., of Portland, read a paper on Lovewell's Fight, and Mr. E. H. Elwell on the White Mountains.

The papers were valuable additions to the archives of the association and were placed on file. Mr. Sewall in behalf of the late Dr. Stevens of Castine, presented the Society with the well known "Castine coins" and several other valuable relics, for which a vote of thanks was passed. A committee was appointed to prepare a seal and motto for the Society, consisting of R. K. Sewall, W. B. Lapham, Prof. Packard, J. M. Brown, I. Washburn.

ALL ALONG THE LINE. A general improvement is being made all along the line of the Maine Central Railroad, under the direction of Sup't. Tucker. The debris near the track is being gathered and burned, the water courses opened, the underbrush and unsightly objects removed, flower gardens planted at favorable points, and the general surroundings of the road made attractive. In this he has adopted the plan pursued by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. We notice with pleasure the advent of the annual circular of this company, with an entertaining article on the State of Maine and its natural and other attractions as a summer resort, followed by a new map and important and seasonable information concerning the favorite resorts in our own State reached by the Maine Central Railroad and its branches.

The committee of the Maine State Press Association, to make arrangements for the Association's annual excursion, met in Lewiston on Thursday. The committee consists of Mr. C. W. Keys, of the Farmington *Coronicle*, Dr. Wm. B. Lapham of the MAINE FARMER, and G. H. Watkins, Esq., of the Oxford *Democrat*. The committee did not complete the arrangements, but decided to have the excursion *rendezvous* at Farmington, Monday, August 1st, and after spending the night there, leave on Tuesday, to visit the Rangely region, stopping at Phillips for dinner. After making the tour of the Lakes the party will return via Bethel or Andover and the Grand Trunk railroad. These plans are subject to further revision.

Betrayal of Public Trusts.

Maj. William L. Boyd, the defaulting postmaster of Houlton, the particulars of whose crime and arrest we gave last week, was brought to this city on Wednesday, in charge of U. S. Marshal F. L. Farrington, and lodged in Kennebec jail. The next day he was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner Joseph E. Badger, on two complaints, viz: First, embezzling funds from the money order department of the postoffice; second, opening, rifling and destroying valuable letters, and appropriating their contents. He was without counsel, plead guilty to each count, and was ordered to recognize in the sum of $1000 on each complaint for his appearance at the September term of the U. S. Circuit Court at Portland. Failing to procure bonds, he was recommitted to jail.

Although this is another chapter in the extended history of betrayal of public trusts, it has some features which are quite peculiar and almost unaccountable. Maj. Boyd was a soldier in the late war, enlisting at first in the Band of the First Maine Cavalry. In 1862, when the government decided to dispense with bands, he declined to return home, but continued with the regiment as a private soldier. He was promoted to the position of Sergeant Major, to Adjutant, Captain, and brevetted Major. He was as good a soldier as ever strided a horse in the First Maine Cavalry, and that is all the compliment we need pay him. Mr. L. B. Hill, Assistant Postmaster in this city, was a comrade of his, and bears testimony to his courage and popularity among the boys; each one of his comrades will drop the tear of sympathy at his sad fall. They are confident that although the man is not insane, he is laboring under some strange hallucination. The clerk at the Houlton office says that since the arrest, an interpretation is given to the strange movements of Major Boyd. He has been stealing from the office by piecemeal for two years, and at last the stealing was by wholesale, scarcely permitting a letter to pass him that gave promise of even a moderate yield. He was evidently weak at the point where he should have been strong. Affable and kind, he was a general favorite among the people; his friends and neighbors believed in him thoroughly; and even while turning his back upon his disgraced home, a confessed criminal, the good-byes and the warm grasps of friendly hands extended to him, testified to the deep hold he had upon the affections of the people.

But this tender feeling should not shield him from the serious consequences of his crime, the penalty of which is from five to ten years at hard labor in the State Prison. Not even the affecting spectacle of his little family, wife and five children, clinging to him with tearful pleadings as he departs from his rural home for the felon's cell, can balance the scales of justice. He has committed an awful crime, bringing into grave suspicion every official connected with the postal service along the route traversed by the valuable letter whose contents he rifled, and casting suspicion upon the entire service. Punishment, swift and certain, should overtake the man who betrays a public trust.

DECORATION DAY was observed generally throughout the State. At Hallowell the oration was delivered by H. M. Heath, Esq., of this city, at Gardiner by Gen. J. A. Hall, and at Dover by Maj. J. D. Myrick of this city. In Augusta, the preliminary exercises were held at the Congregationalist church, Sunday evening, which was well filled. Mrs. Milliken's sweet voice led in the service of song. The sermon, the theme of which was a "A Nation's Glory," was preached by Rev. Philip S. Thacher, pastor of Christ church. It was a very thoughtful and suggestive production, illuminated by many passages of striking beauty. The other services were performed by Revs. Messrs. Mott, Sanderson, Penney and Tilden. Monday afternoon, a procession was formed consisting of the Capital Guards, the G. A. R. Post here and at Togus, and a detachment of ordnance from Kennebec arsenal, (music being furnished by the Augusta and Hallowell Bands,) which escorted Gen. Plaisted, the orator, President of the day, and other dignataries, to the cemeteries, where in the presence of an immense congregation, the services of decoration were performed. In the evening, the people gathered in large numbers at Granite Hall, where they were welcomed by the cheerful strains of the Home Band, after which the President of the day, Dr. Wm. B. Lapham, made a brief, but very fitting address; prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Thacher, and music followed from the Band. The oration was then pronounced by Capt. Samuel W. Lane of Augusta. There was thorough work in this, as in everything that comes from Capt. Lane's hand or brain. It was not a dissertation, neither was it a discussion, but an *oration*, eloquent, lofty in tone, and unexceptional in spirit. After singing and another piece of music, a benediction pronounced by Rev. Mr. Sanderson, closed the exercises.

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN. Rev. G. W. Whitney, recently pastor of the Winthrop street Universalist church of this city, died at Waltham, Mass., on Thursday, the 26th. He had just returned from North Carolina, apparently much improved in health by his trip, but on the Monday prior to his death he had another hemorrhage of the lungs, which was soon followed by still another, resulting in his death, the intelligence of which was received here with profound sorrow. Mr. Whitney was pastor of the church here more than two years, relinquishing his charge on account of failing health. He was a good and true man, imbued thoroughly with the sweet and gentle spirit of the Master, whom he tenderly, devotedly served, ardently loved the high profession which honored him and which he in turn honored, and to which he had consecrated his life, and walked worthily in the world, a help and inspiration to his fellow men. The funeral of the deceased took place at the residence of his father in Waltham, Mass., Saturday. The services, participated in by Rev. C. R. Moor, Rev. M. R. Leonard, Rev. Mr. Emery of Beverly, were very solemn and impressive. There was a large attendance.

IMPORTANT TO SHIPPERS. The Maine Central Railroad Company, on the 5th of June inst., will commence running refrigerator cars for the transportation of meats, eggs, butter and fruit and perishable goods of all kinds. These cars will be attached to the regular freight trains and will run between Bangor, Skowhegan and Belfast and Portland, leaving Bangor at 6.30 P. M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays; Skowhegan at 6.00 A. M. on Mondays; Dexter, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4.20 P. M.; Belfast, at 2.50 P. M. Mondays; Waterville, at 8.15 A. M. Thursdays and 11.10 A. M. Tuesdays. Freight for Boston only will be put into these cars which will not be opened after leaving the above places and intermediate stations. For rates apply to station agents.

There has been some expectation of a summer meeting of the State Pomological Society, to be held at Gardiner the last week in June. We are informed that it has been deemed inexpedient to hold this meeting. The time fixed for the annual Fall Exhibition is the 27th, 28th and 29th days of September. The place is not yet determined, but will probably be either at Bangor or Gardiner.

Henry Farrington, Esq., is a candidate for municipal Judge of Gardiner. A petition asking for his appointment has been sent to the Governor.

City News.

Miss Addie E. Lawrence, who went into insolvency on her own petition, has settled on a composition with her creditors at 20 per cent., and received a full discharge.——Slips from the New Testament, the new revision, are circulating in this city, and their very novelty ensures a reading from those not very familiar with scripture. One gentleman insists on doing his own translation, and getting up a bible to suit himself.——The last open-air concert by the Augusta Band, gave another opportunity for these favorite musicians to exhibit their skill. The Band is now composed of twenty pieces, under the accomplished leadership of R. B. Hall, and in their efforts to raise a small sum from our citizens to sustain these open-air concerts, should meet with the fullest success.——Barnum's bill board at the depot, over which is spread the finest display of poster printing ever seen here, is 122 feet long and 12 feet wide.——The church socialables and theatres have closed "for the season."——Mr. G. A. Robertson, Principal of the Augusta grammar school the champion grammar school teacher of Maine, has just laid down a salutary rule, which has more than a local significance. He has informed the several classes in his school, that he should discountenance the practice of making presents at the close of the term. He should decline any, himself, if tendered. The custom which originated in a laudible desire to express the good feeling of the pupils toward their teachers, has lapsed into an unmeaning practice, provokes an unwholesome rivalry among the classes, and we are glad it is to be stopped. The custom has been abandoned in Boston and other large cities.——Our Baptist friends are preparing for the anniversary of their Sabbath school.——We chronicled only last week, the fact that Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass., had received a flattering call from Chicago, with a salary fixed at $8000 a year. Since writing that paragraph the reverend gentleman has received another and a louder call, (which he will undoubtedly recognize as authorative) from the 42d Street Presbyterian church, New York city; salary, $10,000. The Old South Parish of Augusta has just cause to be proud of the trio of ministers it has turned out—Webb, McKenzie and Ecob—two of whom are Doctors of Divinity, and the other ought to be.——According to the requirements of the law, enacted at the time the death penalty was abolished, Mr. Frank A. Small, the accomplished stenographic reporter, has written out the entire testimony, together with the Judge's charge in the Charles E. Merrill murder trial. It makes 321 pages of manuscript which is now filed in the Clerk of Court's office, never to be referred to except by those who wish the details of the most horrible crime ever perpetrated in Maine.——The City Council has made the following appropriations for the current year: State Tax, $23,277.96; County Tax, $8,211.00; Schools, $6,250.00; High School and Philosophical Apparatus, $2,900.00; Highways, Eastern District, $3,000.00; Western District, $4,000.00; Snow Bills, Western District, $1,000.00; Snow Bills, Eastern District, $1,000.00; Permanent Improvements, $5,000.00; New Streets, $300.00; Reduction City debt, 2,000.00; Support of Poor; $5,000.00; Police, $3,300 00; Interest on City debt, $18,000.00; Discount on Tax, $6,500.00; Fire Department, $3,500.00; Salaries City officers, $3,500.00; Abatements, $1,500.00; Contingents, $3,000.00; Printing, $1,000.00; Lighting streets, $1,300.00; Sanford legacy, $90.00. Total, $103,028.96. The item for high school may be analyzed as follows: For teachers, $2000; fuel, $200; janitor, $300; apparatus, $400. The permanent improvement item includes the large gully sewer and other needed provisions for sewerage.——Greenlief Hascall is to erect a hay barn near his residence, east side of the river.——The Teachers' Association will meet at the school house on School street, east side, on Saturday afternoon, June 4th.——C. O. and O. W. McKenney of Belfast, have sold their fine span of black horses to Frank Farrar of this city. Alfred M. Reed has carried two valuable horses to the New York market, "Knox Boy" and "Great Eastern." Quite a number of horses have been shipped from the Kennebec the past week, to Horace Nelson of Boston.——E. S. Bessie of Monmouth, furnishes a sample of most excellent butter.——By orders of Rt. Rev. Bishop Healey of Portland, Rev. Father Murphy, for four years the pastor of the Catholic church in this city, is to be transferred to St. Mary's church in Dover, N. H. Father Murphy is a cultured, warm-hearted, liberal gentleman, and his departure will be deeply regretted. There are three brothers in Father Murphy's family, and they are all priests.——Joseph A. Homan, Esq., has just returned from the headquarters of the artist engaged on the proposed Soldiers' Monument to be erected in this city, and reports that the work is progressing quite satisfactorily. He examined detached portions of the bronze casting, and is satisfied that when brought together, they will form a grand work of art. It is hoped that the monument will be in readiness for dedication the 17th of September, the anniversary of the battle of Antietam. It will, in any event, be in readiness at some time during the autumn.——Some fifty of the hands connected with E. C. Allen's extensive printing establishment, on Monday made the first excursion of the season, going to Fort Popham, and making a trip far enough outside to take a whiff of old ocean. About sixty of the hands in Mr. Allen's establishment, mostly young ladies, on account of the cessation of night work, will take a vacation until autumn.——The hearing on the question whether the Governor without the consent or concurrence of the Executive Council, has the power to remove public officials, will be heard before the judges sitting as a court of consultation, at the court house this week, at the close of the law term.——Zachariah Chafee, trustee and assignee of the Sprague estate, has notified the creditors to meet him at Providence this week, to advise him as to the best method of winding up the estate and distributing it among the creditors.——Rev. Albert C. White is in the city, and will begin his pulpit labors as pastor of the Universalist church next Sunday.——Gen. Butler was the sensation in the city this week, that gentleman appearing before the judges in the well known Nath'l Webster ice case, the correction of the records of Lincoln county being the question. No decision as yet.——Herbert C. Hight of Fairfield, one of the special constables for the enforcement of the liquor law, was arraigned before Commissioner Badger last week on the charge of selling to liquor dealers the contraband liquor which he had confiscated. At first he plead not guilty, but subsequently retracted that plea, plead guilty, and paid the government fine and costs, amounting to $253.03.——Hon. Augustus B. P. Palmer, one of the commissioners upon statistics of lunacy and idiocy for the tenth census, from Washington, D. C., is visiting our city for the purpose of verifying certain reports from this State.——E. Curtis Stevens, local mail agent, informs us that the weight of mails sent from the Augusta post office from April 27th to May 31st, embracing thirty working days, was 491,871 lbs., an average of 16,395 lbs. per day; mail received during the same time, 39,786 lbs., an average of 1,325 lbs. per day. This included Decoration day, when no work was done in the large newspaper establishments.

Gen. Plaisted will to-day issue his warrant for the Congressional election in the Second District, to be held on the second Monday of September.

Kennebec County News.

Prof. Geo. H. Stone, of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, well known to the readers of the FARMER by his articles on the "horsebacks" of Maine, and the tabulated statements which he has furnished our columns, has been elected to the Professorship of Geology in Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Col. The reputation gained by Prof. Stone through his studies of the surface geology of this State, his published articles, lectures, and maps of the Kames, or "horsebacks," and the Champlain Clays, secured for him his new position, which is principally one of original investigation.——The cotton factory movement in Gardiner having suspended for the present, a movement is now on foot there to form a stock company for the purchase of the woolen factory, with an increased capital, so that the mill can be made to manufacture five times the amount of goods now turned out.——The dwelling house of Mr. Charles Ames of Chelsea, was burned on Tuesday morning last, at about one o'clock. When discovered it was too late to save any furniture or clothing, Mr. Ames and family barely escaping with their lives. Insured for $600.——The high school at Waterville, will hold its annual exercises on the 17th of June, with music by the West Waterville band.——The Seniors of Colby have tendered to Prof. S. K. Smith, a letter expressing their hearty appreciation of the faithful and pleasant manner in which he has discharged his new and difficult duties during the past year.——Mr. C. W. Nowell and family of North Vassalboro, left Monday for Minnesota. Mr. N. has been obliged to give up a lucrative business here to recruit his health in the "far west." May he be successful.——Last week Mr. Walter Branch while at work in the match shop of Mr. Winslow Marston at Crommett's Mills, Waterville, had two of his fingers badly cut by the bolting saw. This is the fifth time that he has met with the same accident while at work at the same business; so that now he has not a whole finger on either hand.——The Oakland Manufacturing Company of Gardiner, is so full of orders now that they have been obliged to run nights on several occasions lately. A great difficulty is experienced to procure lumber to meet their demands.——Mr. Cyrus Wilson, formerly one of the most active business men of Gardiner, has just died in Alameda, California, aged 60 years.——Nothing more definite can be said concerning the removal of the R. R. shops, than that the committee appointed to select a location will probably not report this season. It is by no means certain that they will be removed from Waterville.——A. G. Bradstreet, who has had charge of the survey of the proposed Kennebec Central Railroad, while speaking encouragingly of work, says that its construction will cost some $12,000 per mile—somewhat larger than at first estimated.——Geo. F. Mosher, Esq., editor of the *Morning Star* at Dover, N. H., who has been appointed Consul at Nice, France, is a native of Kennebec county, Maine, and a graduate of Bowdoin College. Mr. M. will leave this country for Nice sometime this summer.——Cyril Howard of Sidney, on returning home from Augusta, on Saturday, while passing down a hill, was thrown from his wagon and badly injured, perhaps fatally.——The Senior class at the Hallowell Academy numbers twelve, and in many respects is a class of promise. Rev. A. W. Burr, the principal, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 26th. The address before the graduating class is expected to be given by Rev. J. H. Ecob.——Ex-Mayor Wentworth of Gardiner, will commence at once the erection of a building on Summer street on the site occupied by Joseph Perry's machine shop, to be used for the manufacture of springs.

CONKLING. The past week has been a period of great humiliation for Ex-Senator Conkling. This great and imperious leader has been spending his time at Albany buttonholing legislators to secure that *free expression* of opinion which he so much courted, when at the height of his rhetoric he left his post in the Senate, and abandoned the interests of his constituents, because he could not wield the prerogatives of the President of the United States. The result is, that at the republican caucus on Monday evening, only 30 members attended in Mr. Conkling's interest, and 5 members (54 being a majority of the Republicans) attended the conference of friends of the administration, while 13 more—carrying their number up to 70— sent in notes saying that they should vote only for friends of the administration. Six members did not put in an appearance anywhere, either personally or by letter. The Democratic members nominated Kernan and Jacobs as their candidates. Tuesday was the day assigned for the election. In the assembly the vote stood: Conkling, 26, Jacobs, 47; Wheeler, 15; Crowley, 5; Cornell, 6; Wadsworth, 2; Rogers, 8; Miller, 1; Evarts, 2; Edyck, 1; Fogler, 3; White, 2; Chapman, 1; Tremain, 3; Fenton, 1; Ward, 1; Pomeroy, 2; Dutcher, 1; Alvord, 2. No candidate received a majority, and the House then proceeded to vote to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Platt. The vote was as follows: Depew, 14; Kernan, 47; Platt, 11; Fogler, 3; Lapham, 6; Cornell, 12; Crowley, 3; Evarts, 5; Morgan, 5; 3; Miller, 5; Pomeroy, 1; Wadsworth, 2; Tremaine and Rogers, 1; Choate 1. The chair announced the House had failed to give a majority for either candidate, that fact will be entered on the journal of the House. In the Senate, the vote for United States senator in the place of Thomas C. Platt, resigned, was as follows: For Thomas C. Platt, 8; Chauncy M. Depew, 7; Francis Kernan, 7; Warner Miller, 2; Sherman S. Rogers, 1; Eldred G. Lapham, 2; Joseph H. Choate, 1, Noah Davis, 2; William A. Wheeler, 1; George H. Sharpe, 1. No choice. For a successor to fill the short term in place of Mr. Conkling. The vote stood as follows: Roscoe Conkling, 9; Sherman B. Rogers, 5; John C. Jacobs, 6; George B. Bradley, 1; Chas. J. Fogler, 2; B. Cornell, 3; William A. Wheeler, 4; Theodore M. Pomeroy, 2. No one receiving a majority the Senate adjourned. It is universally conceeded that Conkling and Platt are out of the race. Both branches were to meet in joint convention Wednesday to vote for Senators.

A despatch to the FARMER states that the vote of yesterday (Wednesday), was about the same as on the previous day. Conkling receiving but 35 votes, and no election. There was no material change in the vote of the other candidates.

WILLS IN KENNEBEC COUNTY. Caroline E. Moody of Pittston, who died May 6th, leaves all her property, real, personal and mixed, to her husband, Clarendon B. Moody. Sidney Crane of Fayette, who died Sept. 5th, leaves to his wife Rhoda, for her use during her life or widowhood, all his plate and household goods, and one-half of his homestead farm; to his daughter, Augusta M. Crane, the privilege of a home during the time that she remains single; and certain of his estate to his son Charles L. Crane. Olive Worcester of Gardiner, who died on the 29th of April, among other devises, gives to his son, Henry P. Worcester of Norfolk, Va., one moity of 45 shares in the Gardiner National Bank, and the remainder in trust to his sister. Lauriston Guild of Sidney, devises to Ellen S. Benson of Sidney, the farm occupied by herself; to Henry M. Leighton, the farm in Sidney on which he resides; all the remainder of his estate to his wife, Abigail H. Guild, in trust, the income to be for her sole use and benefit. The estate is valued at $18,818.69. Levi Gardner of Vassalboro', leaves an estate of $18,936.16, and devises to his wife, Eliza P. Gardner, all his personal and real estate, after paying therefrom certain small bequests to other relatives. He directs that Josiah P. Burgess shall continue in charge of and sell all the stock of goods now on hand in his store. Elizabeth H. Gilbert of Winthrop, devises to her son, John Hallett Gilbert, all her real estate of every kind and description. In the event of the death of the son before the father, or before he shall marry and have children, then the property to go to the husband.

Agricultural News.

Mr. Jotham Weston of Skowhegan, makes money out of his dairy. He puts his cows in the barn during the summer, uses sand for bedding, and his cows are as clean as kittens. He gives them a little meal morning and night the year round and also a little hay every morning of the year. He has seven cows all more or less Jersey, but one. He gets a ten quart pail full at each milking from each of them and from some twice that amount. Last week the seven cows made 72 pounds of butter that brought as much as anybody's butter. The milk from some of his cows is richer than from others. On an average however, 6¾ quarts of milk produce a pound of butter.——The next Fair of the North Knox Agricultural society will be held at Union.——Some of the farmers on the coast are picking up the potato seeds washed out by the recent rain, preparatory to planting again.——"It isn't the sunshine we want just now," remarked a farmer after the wet spell, "but a strong westerly wind, to dry the land, and set us to work." It has come, and the farmers are "jest a-humpin'."——Mr. Morrill Thompson of Monson, while after his cattle in the pasture, says he saw a small bear cub and tried to catch it. The cub was much frightened and ran howling with Morrill close after it. The old bear now put in her appearance and frightened Morrill as much as Morrill frightened the cub. The thing was reversed; Morrill ran howling with the old bear in hot pursuit. The bear was gaining and Morrill only saved himself from a personal encounter with the enraged brute, by climbing a small tree, which he said he did very rapidly. The bear did not think best to leave her cubs and climb after him, so after waiting nearly an hour, while Morrill says he filled the air for miles with sound, she walked off with a look of disgust, her two cubs trotting after her; and Morrill crept down and his tracks pointed towards home.——Grass in Somerset county is looking finely since the rain, and farmers are hastening their spring work.——Many of the farmers in Palmyra lost sheep and lambs during the recent rainstorm, as many as eight or ten from a single flock of moderate size.——Some of our susscribers have inquired as to the process of soaking corn in tar, before planting. We give the method pursued by a correspondent, which is found to work well: "About tarring seed corn to keep the crows from pulling it up, I have tried it a number of times and my experience is that the crows will not touch it if it is well tarred. Take boiling hot water and put one spoonful of tar to one quart of corn. Put the tar into the water and stir it well, then drain off the water and put on plaster to dry it. In 1848 I planted a piece of corn half a mile away where there was woods close to it and the crows would come on to it and go all over it, but I did not see one spear pulled up. I think it an easy way to keep crows away."

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Rev. Geo. B. Ilsley of Lewiston, has accepted the call from the Second Baptist church of Bangor, and will enter at once upon his labors.——Four campmeetings will be held at Old Orchard this year, as follows: Faith convention, conducted by Dr. Charles Cullis of Boston, Mass., from July 28th to August 5th. Portland District campmeeting, conducted by Rev. C. J. Clark, P. E., from August 8th to 13th. National Christian Temperance meeting, Hon. Sidney Perham, President, from Aug. 13th to 18th. Believers' Meeting for Bible Study, conducted by Dr. Brooks and others, from August 19th to 29th.——Rev. E. C. Case has formally accepted the pastorate of the First Congregational church in Waldoboro', and will enter upon his duties next Sabbath.——The Rev. H. S. Blodgett, assistant pastor of the Catholic church at Dover, N. H., and who was for a time assistant pastor of St. David's, Rockland, died suddenly at the former place, last Monday, at the age of 28.——Woolwich can boast of more churches according to her size than any other town in the State. She has six, and Capt. James Trott says that he has got one hundred lumber to build another.——Rev. H. A. Philbrook of Deering, Financial Agent of Westbrook Seminary, is traveling, looking after the interests of that institution.——Six persons were baptized by Rev. E. Bill, pastor of the Baptist church, Winslow, last Sunday.——Rev. A. L. Park, pastor of the Congregational church in Gardiner, has started on his western trip.——The wife of J. W. Day, one of the leading ministers in the East Maine Conference, was formerly a compositor at the printing case; and a good wife she makes him too. It was a happy Day when he first met her.——The Advent Society at Vinalhaven, has been legally organized as a religious body, and will hold meetings in the old fireman's hall, kindly placed at their disposal by E. C. Walker, Esq.——A former parishioner of Rev. C. J. Clark, Presiding Elder of Portland district, has presented him with $500 to be invested in a horse, harness and carriage, as a help to him on his visits to the churches in his district.——The Free Baptist Quarterly Meeting at West Buxton last week, was a very interesting occasion. Encouraging reports were received from many of the churches where revivals have been or are in progress.——Ground will soon be broken for the foundations of the South Congregational church to be erected the present season in Hallowell. Granite is to be the material used for the building.——J. Q. Adams of the senior class of the Theological School, has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church in South Parsonsfield.——Rev. Mr. Walker of Belgrade, preached three sermons at Advent hall, Waterville, Sunday. Those who had the pleasure of listening to him, pronounced his sermons eloquent and able productions.——The next annual meeting of the Maine Universalist Convention will be held in the Universalist church, Bangor, June 21, 22 and 23, '81.——Rev. S. Lewis B. Speare of Bangor, having received and accepted a unanimous call from the Congregational church of Middlebury, Vermont, has left for his new field.——Rev. I. J. Mead is to preach in Skowhegan this month.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY. The anniversary exercises of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, will occur as follows:—

Friday, Monday and Tuesday, June 3d, 6th, 7th, Examinations; Sunday, June 5, 7 P. M., Address before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, by Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler of Melrose, Mass.; Monday, June 6, 7.30 P. M., Class Day Exercises; Tuesday, June 7, 10 A. M., Meeting of Board of Trustees, 7, P. M., Prize Declamations and Readings; Wednesday, June 8, 1.30 P. M., Oration before the Literary Societies, by Prof. Geo. T. Ladd of Bowdoin College; Meeting of the Honorary Branch of the Calliopean Society immediately after the Oration; Meetings of the Honorary Branches of the Adelphians and the Literati at 4.30 P. M.; 7.30 P. M., Commencement Concert. Miss Eva F. Pike, Director, assisted by Ballard's Orchestra; Thursday, June 9, 10 A. M., Commencement Exercises, 7.30, Alumni Reunion in the Chapel of Sampson Hall.

WEATHER REPORT, as registered at the Maine Insane Hospital, for the month of May, 1880, as compared with the month of May, 1881:

MAY, 1880. Amount of Rain Fall.		MAY, 1881. Amount of Rain Fall.	
May 6th,	.57	May 6th,	.43
" 9th,	.46	" 10th,	.35
" 13th,	.20	" 11th,	.45
" 16th,	.15	" 15 to the 31st,	5.37
" 20th & 21st,	.48	" 29th,	.15
" 24th,	.03		
" 31st,	.95	Total rain fall,	6.71
Total rain fall,	3.84		

Condition of thermometer for May 1880 at 2 o'clock P. M.: Maximum on the 27th, 90°; Minimum on the 1st, 42°; Mean for the month 67°; Condition of thermometer for May 1881 at 2 o'clock P. M.: Maximum on the 31st, 78°; Minimum on the 17th, 45°; Mean for the month 64°.

Parties from Lowell, Mass., broke ground last week for the opening of a slate quarry in the southwest part of Monson, called the Lowell quarry, the eleventh quarry that has been put in operation in Monson, their names being the Cove, Hebron Pond, Dirigo, Eastern, Underground Eureka, Pond, Forrest, Oakland and Welch Co-operative.

Wm H. McCrillis, Esq., and J. F. Robinson, Esq., of Bangor, appeared before the Governor and Council, Wednesday, asking for the pardon of Elbridge Reed, in State Prison for life, for the crime of murder, on the ground that Reed is hopelessly sick, and will soon die. The sentiment of the Council is adverse to his pardon.

An interesting group gathered at the house of David Patterson, in China, on the 13th ult. At the tea table were one grandfather, four fathers, three sons, three uncles, three daughters, three cousins, two aunts, two mothers, and six babies.

The Victoria Steamboat Horror.

Nearly Three Hundred Lives Lost.

On Tuesday eve'g 24th ult., the excursion steamer Victoria, plying between London, Ontario, and Spring Bank, when near the Cove railroad bridge, on her return trip to London, collapsed like an egg shell, the sides of the steamer falling over to the water's edge. There were on board 600 excursionists, men, women and little children. In the Canadian city (London) about the size of Augusta in extent of population, whole families have been swept out of existence, and London is a city of mourning, every street having its victims. The ill-fated steamer Victoria was 80 feet long and 32 feet wide, depth of hold three feet ten inches. She was built to carry 400 passengers, but frequently took from 600 to 800. It cost $7,000. One survivor says the people were standing on both decks as thickly together as a man's fingers. The lower deck shipped water frequently by the heavy freight upon it, causing the people to shift their positions. The oscillation became so great as to dislodge the sixty-horse power boiler which sat upon the main deck unsecured, and it slid over the side, carrying away the supports of the upper deck and letting it fall upon the crowd below, as well as shoving those over head into the water.

The scene that followed baffles description. All were struggling together in one heterogeneous mass of humanity. There was a crash, a general shriek and nearly all were immersed. A silence as of the grave followed. Gradually one after another rose, panting, to the surface, and the more thoughtful at once set to work to rescue the people. Scores sank into the water without consciousness of their fate, while many others who were precipitated into the river unhurt, rent the air with their vain appeals for that succor which those of the passengers who were safe were powerless to extend to all in a moment. The utmost exertions were put forth to rescue as many of the drowning as possible, and many were in this way saved. As soon as possible help was secured, and the work of recovering the bodies from the wreck was proceeded with. The bodies were placed on a boat as fast as they were taken up, and then taken up to the company's docks, where the task of identification began. The accident occurred at about a quarter past 6, and it was midnight before the bodies so far recovered were brought back to the city. Here a most heart rending scene ensued. The bodies, as fast as they were transferred from the steamer, were laid out in rows on the grass by the roadside, in all their holiday attire, and with the aid of torches the faces were eagerly scanned by hundreds of anxious friends looking for their missing ones. Many of the drowned are men in middle life, and many are children of tender years. Many were the wails of sorrow which followed the identification of a relative. Perhaps it is a mother, who discovers her child, or the children a parent. One man was heard inquiring for four children. As fast as the corpses were claimed they were taken in charge by their friends and removed to their homes.

Business in the city was practically suspended, except such branches as were connected with the arrangement of funeral matters. In the poorer quarters of the city the authorities gave away coffins. Medical men have nobly responded to the calls made upon them. The mayor and municipal authorities have put forth every effort to meet the emergency, and so far as money and friends can mitigate the grief nothing will be lacking. At first, sensitive nerves were shocked at the sight of fair women and tender children being carried through the public streets on drays or in carts, but it was not until a wholesale order had been given by the Mayor that sufficient pine could be found to enclose the remains of the lost ones. There are families which have lost four or five members, including their heads. Captain Rankin, who had charge of the ill-fated Victoria at the time of the disaster, makes the following statement, which may be regarded as authoritative:

"We were on the last trip for the day, having made three trips previously. We had not a very heavy load going down, as there was plenty of room on board, but when we got to the wharf at Spring Bank there was a large crowd waiting, and before I could get the passengers off the boat the others rushed on the after-part, jumping and climbing in every direction. I ordered them down off the top deck and main deck, and threatened that I would not leave the wharf till midnight if some of them did not get off. One gentleman, Mr. Powell, of London East, said to me, 'You are not going to put me off, are you?' and I said 'You had better get off.' He did so and is now alive. Very few paid any attention to my orders and only about 15 or 20 went off the boat. After we started a number of people on the lower deck began singing and moving around. Presently I noticed a slightly different action on the boat and being unable to leave my post at the wheel, I sent a boy down to the engineer to ascertain if there was any danger. She was listing to the starboard, and as I was getting more anxious I sent the boy down again. He returned with the word from the engineer that unless we could straighten the boat there was danger. I was looking forward to a sand bar about 300 yards ahead on which I intended to beach the boat. That was my determination because I was beginning to get anxious. Just then a couple of row boats came alongside, the occupants of which were racing, and the crowd rushed to the side of the boat to see them. The engineer then sent word that we must try and get the crowd to go aft because the water was coming in; just then the crowd made a rush to the port side, and as they did so the vessel just took a lurch and went to port, bow down. Then the boiler shifted from its position and went through the side. I believe the vessel would have recovered herself only

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, June 1.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 3928; sheep and lambs, 7200; swine, 11,-969; veals, 204; number of western cattle, 3618; eastern cattle, 147; milch cows and northern cattle, 163.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 25@6 75; first, $5 50@6 10; second, $5 00@5 37½; third, $4 37½@4 87½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 50@4 25.

Brighton Hides—5@8¼c per lb.
Brighton Tallow—5@5¼c per lb.
Country Hides—7@7½c per lb.
Country Tallow—4@4½c per lb.
Calf Skins—12@12½c per lb.
Sheared Sheep Skins—30c each.
Spring Lamb Skins—50c each.
Northern Sheep Skins—25@35c each.
Western Sheep Skins—35@45 each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

A. N. Monroe	67	6 60	L. W.	1350
do	39	6 12½	"	1162
do	22	6 25	"	1235
do	42	6 10	"	1127
do	24	6 65	"	1419
do	13	5 65	"	1064
do	24	5 95	"	1080
do	13	6 30	"	1232
J. Stetson & Co.	14	6 25	"	1250
do	10	5 40	"	990
do	9	5 75	"	1350
J B Cook & Co	16	6 12½	"	1300
do	9	5 75	"	1100
do	6	6 00	"	1200
J McFlynn	3	6 00	"	1500
do	9	5 90	"	1150
do	6	6 25	"	1225
E. Farrell	18	6 40	"	1275
do	6	6 50	"	1350
do	4	5 75	"	1075
C. Leavitt & Son	16	6 55	"	1210
do	11	6 00	"	1000
do	11	6 25	"	1350
do	7	5 90	"	1050
Fitch & Eames	10	6 25	"	1200
do	10	6 00	"	1100
do	6	6 30	"	1200
C. O. Howe	34	4 20	"	900
J. C. Libby & Son	22	4 25	"	850
Libby & Merrill	6	4 50	"	800

The trade for beef cattle has not been so active as it was one week ago, and prices have fallen off fully 20c. per 100 lbs. from those obtained one week ago. There has been a fair demand for shipping cattle, and several of the best lots of beeves were sold for the English markets. From Maine the supply consisted largely of milch cows and stockers, only a few beef cattle being among them. Even at the decline in prices, the butchers were not buying very freely, as they say that the large supplies of western dressed beef brought into Boston every day affect their trade quite seriously, much of the beef selling at very low prices, in comparison to what Brighton beef can be afforded for.

Milch Cows—Extra, $50 to $75; ordinary $20 to $45; springers, $18 to $55 per head. The cow trade for the past two weeks has been very dull, especially for common grades. We note sales of 1 cow and calf, $45; 1 springer, $40; 4 new milch cows for $185 the lot; 4 do. at $35 each; 1 springer, $39; two springers for $62½ the two.

Swine. Store pigs—not a very active demand for them. Sucking pigs sell at prices ranging from $2 50 to $5 50 per head. Fat hogs cost, landed at the slaughter houses, from 6¾ to 7c. per lb. live weight.

Sheep and Lambs—Most of those from the West were owned by butchers, a few being bought for the English markets. Western sheared sheep cost landed at Brighton, from 6½ to 7c. per lb., live weight.

Working Oxen—Not much call for them. We did not notice any sales this week. A few pairs each week during the summer months are all the markets require.

Store Cattle—There were a few in market from Maine which sold at prices ranging from 4 to 4½c. per lb., live weight. In limited demand.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, May 31.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 1635 heads; Sales of choice at 8 00@8 75; extra at 7 00@7 75; first quality at 6 00@6 50; second at 5 00@5 50; third at 4 00@4 50.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at 100@165; milch cows and calves at 20@45; larrow cows at 15@30; fancy cows 50@65; yearling 7@12; two years, 13@25; three years, 20@45.

SWINE—Northern dressed hogs at 8c; Western fat swine, 7@7½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 2078 heads. Sales of sheep in lots at 2 50@6 00 each; extra 7 00@8 00; spring lambs 7@13; Veal calves 3@6.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

APPLES—Dried 4½@5; evaporated 10@12c; green out of market.
BARLEY—75@80c.
BEANS—Pea beans $2 30@2 35; Yellow Eyes $2 00@2 25.
BUTTER—Good Butter sells for 12@20c.
CHEESE—Old Factory made 12@14c.
COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 55@1 60 per hundred.
EARLY VEGETABLES—Asparagus 20c a bunch; Lettuce 6@8c a head; rheubarb 5c a pound; Spinnage greens 25c a peck; radish 10c a bunch.
EGGS—13@14c per dozen.
FLOUR—$7@10 00 per bbl.
GRAIN—Corn 68@70c; oats 50@55.
GRASS SEED—Timothy $3 15@3 25 per bushel; clover 11@12c per lb; alsike 22@25 per lb; red top 70c per bushel.
HAY—$12 00@15 00.
HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20@25 per box.
HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 7@7½c; lamb skins 35@50c; calf skins 12½c; deacons 25@35c; wool skins $1 50@1 75; shearlings 15@20c.
LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 00 per cask; cement $1 75.
LARD—13@15c.
MEAL—Corn 68@70c; rye $1 15@1 25.
PRODUCE—Potatoes 65@75c per bushel; Bermuda onions $2 00 per crate.
PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 12@14c; beef per side 9@9½c; ham 11@11½c; fowls 14@15c; lamb 15@17c; mutton 9@10c; chickens 17@18c; turkeys 17@18c; round hog 8@8½c; sausages 12@14c.
SHORTS—$25@28 per ton.
SUPERPHOSPHATE—Sells at 2½@3c per lb. in packages, $40@50 per ton.
GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 50@6 00 per ton.
WOOL—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 22@25c.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

APPLES—$2 75@3 25 per bbl; dried 4½@5c per lb.
BUTTER—50@23c for family; store 16@18c per lb.
BEANS—Pea $2 65@2 75; Yellow Eyes $2 35@2 35.
CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory 10@12½c; skim cheese 8@10c.
COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.
FLOUR—Superfine $4 00@4 50; Spring X and XX $5 25@5 50; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 00@6 25; Patent spring wheat $6 00@6 75; St Louis X and XX to best $6 75@7 00.
FISH—Cod Ship's $4 00@4 25; Shore $4 50@4 75; Herring $3 50@4 50; Scaled per bx 23@26c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $7 00@8 00.
GRAIN—Corn car lots 62½c; bag lots 65@68c per bushel; oats 48@52; fine feed $21 00@26 00 per ton; shorts $24 00 per ton.
HAY—Loose $14 00@17 00 per ton; pressed $15@19; straw 9@10.
LARD—Per tierce 12½@12¾c per lb; per tub 13¼@13½c; pail 13@13¾.
PROVISIONS—Beef side 6@7c; veal 6@8c; mutton 6@8c; chickens 14@16; turkeys 17@18c; eggs 13½@14½c; potatoes 60@80 per bushel. Chicago extra beef $10 50@11 25; pork backs $23 00@23 25; clear $22 00@22 25; mess $18 50@19 00; hams 10½c per lb; round hog 7½@8c.
WOOD—Soft mill wood $1 75@2 25 per cord delivered in the city.
WOOL—Unwashed 30@32c; washed 40@45c per lb.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

APPLES—$2 75@3 00 per bbl; dried 7.
BEANS—Yellow Eyes $2 00@2 15 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $2 20@2 40.
BUTTER—16@18c per lb.
BARLEY—75@80c per bush.
EGGS—12@14c per doz.
GRAIN—Oats 55@55c per bush; corn 65@66c.
HAY—$14@17 per ton; pressed $17@19.
HIDES AND SKINS—Wool skins $1 00@2 00 each; hides 6½c per lb; veal skin 12@13½c per lb.
POTATOES—Best Early Rose, 72@75c per bush; Prolific 60@62c per bush; White 60@63c per bush.
PROVISIONS—Pork, country clear 13c; winter clear 12c per lb; round hog 8@8½c per lb; chickens 14@16c per lb. Turkeys none in market.

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 1.

FLOUR—We quote at $4 00@4 25 for Western Superfine; $4 50@4 75 for common extras; $4 50@5 75 for Wisconsin extras; and $5 00@6 25per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats range from $5 75@6 00 for Ohio and Michigan; $5 50@6 50 for Indiana; $6 00@6 75 for Illinois and St. Louis; patent Wisconsin and Minnesota spring wheats have been selling at $6 50@8 00 per bbl; and patent winter wheat at 6 50@7 75 per bbl. Corn in fair demand and sales at $2 60@2 75 per bbl. In Rye Flour the sales have been in lots at $5 57@6 75 per bbl. Oat Meal in good demand and sales at $5 50@6 00 per bbl.

PROVISIONS—There is a firm feeling for pork. The sales of prime have been at $13@13 50; mess at $17 50@18 for new, and $16@16 50 for old; Western clear at $19@20; and Boston clear and backs at $21@22 50 per bbl. In Beef there is no change, with sales at $10@12 for mess and extra mess, and $13@14 for family. Lard is firm, and prices have advanced, with sales at 11½@11¾c per lb for city and Western. Smoked Hams are in demand, and have been selling at 10½@12c per lb. Dressed Hogs are firm, and prices have advanced. Sales of Western at 7¼@8½c, and city at 8¼@8½c per lb.

GRAIN—Corn sales of mixed and yellow have been in steady demand with sales of No. 1 and extra white at 61½@62c; No. 2½ white at 47½c; No. 2 mixed and No. 3 white at 45@46½c; per bushel. Shorts have been selling at 17@18 per ton.

PRODUCE. The sales of Western and Northern creameries have been at 24@25c for choice, and 21@23c for fair and good; choice New York and Vermont and dairy at 21@23c for choice; 17@20c for fair and good, and 10@12c for common; choice Western dairy packed at 15@18c; choice ladle packed Western at 14@15c; fair to good at 12@13c and common at 10@12c per lb. New Cheese is arriving more freely, and sales at 9½@10c for choice, 8@9c for fair and good, and 3@6c for common. Eggs have been in demand at 14½@15c for Eastern, New York, Vermont, Canada, P. E. Island, and 14c for Western. Potatoes have been arriving more freely, and are in better supply. Choice Aroostook Rose are selling at $1; Maine Central Rose at 90@95c; New York and Vermont Rose at 85@90c; Prolifics at 90c@$1; Seedlings at 85c; Appies are selling at $2@2 50 per bbl. as to quality. Dried Appies range from 4@6½c per lb. for quartered and sliced. Strawberries have been arriving quite freely and have been selling at 17@18c per basket by the crate.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, June 1.

The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been at 38@40c for X, 40@41½c for XX, and 44@45c for No. 1. Michigan, Wisconsin and New Hampshire fleeces at 37@39c for X, and 42½c for No. 1; and New York and Western fleeces at 35@41c for X and medium. Combing and delaine are steady at 42@45c for fine delaine and fine and medium combing, 30@39c for low and coarse combing, and 25@30c for unwashed, including considerable Kentucky. Unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces have been in fair demand at various prices, as to quality, including medium grades at 27@30c and fine at 25@28c per lb. California Wool has been selling more freely at 15@25c for fall and 23½@34c for spring, including choice Northern at 34c. Pulled Wools have been in steady demand at 30@46c for supers, choice Eastern and Maine selling at 42@46c per lb; and X grades at 35@40c.

Chicago Cattle Market.

CHICAGO, May 29.

Hogs—Receipts 25,000 head; shipments 4500 head; good demand and steady for good packing $5 70@8 00, light lower at $5 60@5 85; heavy shipping lower at $5 90@6 15.

Cattle—Receipts 4 600 head; shipments 1700 head; market firm; good to choice and medium weights at $5 75@6 00.

Sheep—Receipts, 1000 head; shipments 200 head; very dull and lower; poor to choice shorn $4 00@5 20; lambs $2 00@3 00.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, June 1.

United States Sixes,	1881, (reg.)	104
" "	(coup.)	104
" "	New 5's (reg.)	101
" "	(coup.)	104½
" "	New 4½ (reg.)	115½
" "	(coup.)	116¾
" "	New 4's (reg.)	118
" "	(coup.)	118½
" "	Pacific 6's '95	133

HAVE WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Complaints. 50 cents and and $1 a bottle. 1y43

People will find the A. S. T. Co. Black Tip not objectionable like the metal, while it will wear as well. By asking for it on their children's shoes, they can reduce their shoe bill one half.

We would call special attention to the advertisement in this issue of I. C. Merrill & Co., the well-known Nurserymen of Lewiston, Maine, who are now in want of a few more salesmen.

CANVASSERS make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms. 1y42

All monthly prostration and suffering by ladies is avoided by using Hop Bitters a few days in advance.

Special Notices.

PROBABLY NEVER

In the history of proprietary medicines has any article met success at home equal to that which has been poured upon HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. Why, such has been the success of this article, that nearly every family in whole neighborhoods have been taking it at the same time. Every week brings new evidence of the wonderful curative properties of this medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Combines the BEST Remedies of the vegetable kingdom, and in such proportion as to derive their greatest medicinal effects with the least disturbance to the whole system. In fact this preparation is so well balanced in its action upon the alimentary canal, the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, the bowels and the circulation of the blood, that it brings about a healthy action of the entire human organism, that can hardly be credited by those who have not seen the remarkable results that have followed its use. If the Sarsaparilla does not prove sufficiently laxative, take a few doses of HOOD'S VEGETABLE PILLS. It is well in all cases of biliousness to take these pills in connection with the Sarsaparilla for the first ten days. That dull, sleepy, sick feeling can be wholly overcome by the use of these remedies. Will you give them a trial and be yourself again?

An ex-alderman of this city says of Hood's Sarsaparilla, "It is the strongest Sarsaparilla I ever saw."

Each dollar bottle contains one hundred (averages) doses. Sold by all druggists.

Price one dollar, or six for five dollars. Hood's Sarsaparilla, prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

☞ Use HOOD'S TOOTH-POWDER.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this powder from the Wine districts of France. Always uniform and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk. 1y28

DR. SWEET'S ROOT BEER!

A Summer drink—healthy and pleasant. Made from Lifeman, Wintergreen, Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, etc. Exceedingly valuable in derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Only 25 cents a package to make five gallons; by mail 35 cts. Prepared at the New England Botanical Depot, 245 Washington Street, Boston. GEO. W. SWEET, M D., Proprietor.

N. B.—See that my name in red ink is on the end of each package. All others counterfeit. 1y26

A RICH EXPERIENCE!

What a Prominent and Well-Known New York Physician Told a Reporter.

His Revelations Upon a Subject of Vital Interest to All.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The experience of any one of education and learning extending over a long period of time must necessarily be valuable, and while no two experiences in this world are alike, there is such a similarity between them as to render one which is rich in valuable facts of benefit to all. America's greatest orator declared that he knew of no way of judging the future but by the past; and past personal experience is of the same nature as that history which repeats itself.

A representative of this paper while lounging in the lobby of a prominent New York hotel, met a gentleman whom he had known years before in the city of Detroit, but whom he had not seen before for a number of years. When the knight of the quill had last seen this gentleman, he was giving his entire time and attention to an extensive medical practice, and was on the crest of the wave of popularity. From Detroit he removed to New York where he could find a more extensive field for his talents and experience. Although several years passed, the doctor's physical condition had evidently very much improved, for he was looking much better than when the man of news had last seen him. After some general talk, the doctor fell into an easy train of conversation and uttered some truths so scientific and valuable, as to justify their reproduction in print.

"Yes," said the doctor. "I have improved in health since you last saw me, and I hope also in many other ways. One things however, I have succeeded in doing, and it is one of the hardest things for any one, and especially a doctor to do, and that is I have overcome my prejudices. You know there are some people who prefer to remain in the wrong rather than acknowledge the manifest right. Such prejudice leads to bigotry of the worst order, and of precisely the same nature as characterized the sixteenth century when people were burned at the stake. Now I am a physician and of the 'old school' order, too; but I have, after years of experience and observation, come to the conclusion that truth is the highest of all things, and that if prejudice or bigotry stand in the way of truth, so much the worse for them they are certain to be crushed sooner or later. Why, when I came you in Detroit, I would have no sooner thought of violating the code of ethics laid down by the profession, or of prescribing anything out of the regular order, than I would of amputating my hand. Now, however, I prescribe and advise those things which I believe to be adapted to cure, and which my experience has proven to be such."

"This is rather an unusual way for a physician to talk, is it not, doctor?"

"Certainly it is. It is way outside of our code of ethics, but I have grown far beyond the code. I have all I can attend to, and am determined to be honest with my patients and mankind, whether my brother physicians are with me or not. Why, I prescribe medicines every day, some of them so-called patent medicines, which would render me liable to expulsion from the medical fraternity, but I am supremely indifferent to their laws."

"Are the medical fraternity of the country combined against proprietary medicines, doctor?"

"Invariably, and it is sufficient ground for expulsion from any medical society in the land to prescribe any patent medicine whatever, no matter if it is made from an exact formula, such as physicians are using every day. You see the code is established and sustained by old physicians like myself, who make the rules and insist upon their enforcement in order to keep the younger doctors from obtaining a foothold and encroaching upon the already established practice of the older ones. This is largely the reason why young physicians have such a hard time of it; they are fettered by the code, and have only their personal influence to depend upon in securing practice."

"How did you come to get such heretical ideas as these, doctor?"

"Oh, they are the result of my experience and observation. I obtained my first ideas upon the subject, however, from having been cured after all my care and the skill of my professional brethren had failed to relieve me. Why, I was so badly off with a complication of troubles, including dyspepsia, and consequently imperfect kidneys and liver, that I feared I should have to give up my practice. For more than a month I could not sit down or get up without the most intense agony, and I was suffering all the while. Some one advised me to go out of the regular channels and try a remedy that was becoming quite famous for the remarkable cures it was effecting; but my prejudice was altogether too strong for that. However, I did quietly begin trying the remedy, but I promise you I said nothing to my brother physicians, or even to my family about it. Well, sir, it was a revelation to me; for in all my medical experience I never saw anything operate so rapidly or so effectually as that did. I owe my health to-day; and for all I know, my life also—to the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. That was the starting point with me, and my prejudices faded very rapidly after that I can assure you. I went to reading extensively and analyzing more extensively, and I supposed I analyzed all the leading proprietary medicines that are made. Many of them I found perfectly useless, being compounded simply of water with a little flavoring. A vast majority of them all, however, I found made up of prescriptions used by physicians in their every day practice; but out of the entire number I found only two that contained absolutely harmful ingredients, and then in very slight quantities. Indeed we are prescribing things constantly that have more deleterious matter in than they had. After discovering this, I said to myself, why should the medical fraternity be prejudiced against those prescriptions which they are writing every day, simply because they are put up by wholesale and are sold with a government stamp on the wrapper? I saw its manifest absurdity and resolved that I would be bound by it no longer. Since that time, I have prescribed proprietary remedies nearly every day, in my practice, and I have no reason to regret having done so. Why, only a few days ago I advised a lady who was suffering from a serious female difficulty and displacement to use this same Safe Kidney and Liver Cure which cured me. I saw her this morning and she is nearly well; the pain and inflammation are all gone and she is around as usual. We have no right in the medical fraternity to sit back and declare there is no such thing as improvement or advancement, or that we have a monopoly of the remedies which nature has given to mankind. There are great changes going on in every department of life and there are great developments in medicine as well. Thousands of people die every year from supposed typhoid fever, rheumatism or other complaints, when in reality it is from trichina, and the result of eating poorly cooked and diseased pork. A vast majority of all diseases arise from imperfect kidneys or liver. The liver becomes clogged, and its work is thrown upon the kidneys; they become overworked and break down, and so the poison gets into the blood instead of being thrown from the system. No one with perfect kidneys or liver is ever troubled with malaria; and it is the poisonous particles which these diseased organs allow to get into the blood that clog the capillaries of the lungs and cause tubercles and consumption. Thousands of children are dying every year from dropsy as the sequel to scarlatina, when in reality it is diseased kidneys which have become weakened by the fever they have just had. Here is another strange thing; not one in ten people who have diseased kidneys notice any pain in the vicinity of the kidneys, for these organs lose their nervous sensibilities when they become diseased, and the symptoms are shown in hundreds of other ways."

"Well, doctor, you have got some new truths here, certainly, but they sound very reasonable to me."

"Well, whether they are reasonable or not, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that they are true, and I propose to stand by them, no matter how much opposition I may raise by doing so. Any man, be he politician, preacher or physician, who is so considerate of his pocket book or of his own personal ends as to stultify himself by suppressing the manifest truth, is unworthy the name of man, and unworthy the confidence of the public whom he serves.

Married.

In this city, May 26, Charles H. Hayes to Emma S. Frost, both of Augusta.
In Belgrade, May 1, Jas. R. Herson to Augusta Tibbetts of Mercer.
In Bath, May 31, Frederick McLean to Sarah Godfrey of Boston; May 22, Wm. F. Cahill to Hattie R. Dingley; May 24, Thos. T. Colby to Maud H. Wilson of Portland; May 22, Horace F. Marr to Alfaretta Holbrook.
In Belfast, May 23, Capt. Fred B Clifford to Fannie J. Fanno, both of Stockton; Willis S. Hatch to Grace U. White.
In Clinton, May 14, Warren Burrill to Abbie Brackett.
In Cherryfield, May 14, B.F. Harrington to Laura F. West; May 21, William Hunter to Mary O'Brien.
In Dexter, May 7, Frank E. Burgess of Dover, to Mary E. Young.
In Digby, N. S., May 14, Charles A. Dakin to Florence S. Harris; May 18, Andrew B. Ruddock of St. John, N. B., to Sabra E. Churchill.
In Ellsworth, May 19, Josiah Williams of Trenton, to Mrs. Eunice Garland; May 8, Stephen H. Judkins of Wakerville, to Annie M. Whitten of Bluehill.
In East Dedham, March 5, Elmer E. Maddocks of Ellsworth, to Mary J. Haynes.
In Fort Fairfield, May 21, Henry A. Dean to Laura Flannery.
In Farmington, May 20, Frank J. Cutler to Etta L. Hackett of New Vineyard.
In Gardiner, May 14, Ernest L. Bragg to Annie J. Mott, both of Augusta; May 16, Jeremiah Preble to Sarah M. Royal, both of Richmond.
In Levant, May 22, Charles F. Curtis of Exeter, to Sadie E. Whitmore.
In Norridgewock, April 26, Waterman E. Marble of Brockton, Mass., to Augusta A. Totman.
In Mt. Vernon, May 26, William C. Wentworth to Mary A. Coombs of Readfield.
In Salmon Falls, N. H., May 20, Wallace H. Wilson of Dearing to Marcia Ellen Palmer of Bangor.
In Thomaston, May 24, Albert B. Fales of Rockland to Alice J. O'Brien.
In Raymond village, May 23, John S. Small to Mrs. Harriet M. Thompson.
In Richmond, May 24, William F. Lord of Litchfield to Ida M. Sprague of Green.
In Waterville, May 14, Frank Seaver to Mrs. Fronie M. Fogg, both of Dexter.
In Waldoboro, May 23, Robert B. Fillmore to Mary R. Hathorn, both of Cushing.

Died.

In this city, May 27, Thomas L. Devine, son of Joseph Devine, aged 7 years; May 28, Mrs. Lizzie McCoy, wife of Leander McCoy, aged 21 years; May 30, Mrs. Mary A. Pease.
In Auburn, May 18, Mamie Francis Ross, aged 11¼ years.
In Bangor, May 27, Bertha A. Grover, aged 18 years.
In Brewer, May 25, Ella M. Colson, aged 7½ years.
In Boston, May 19, F. Hartwell, son of Edwin Thompson, of Union, aged 22 years.
In Bath, May 25, Sophia Addie Farr, aged 8 years; May 25, Jennie M. Place, aged 3¾ years.
In Bowdoinham, May 18, Capt. Daniel Preble, aged 76 years.
In Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 27, John Gillan, aged 56 years.
In Canton, May 24, Albert M. Heald, aged 50 years.
In Clinton, May 24, Francis Low, aged 73 years.
In Corinth, May 8, Charles A. Comins, aged 55 years, formerly of Eddington.
In Digby, N. S., May 14, George Cossaboom, aged 61 years.
In East Machias, May 10, Karl Hanscom, aged 2 months.
In East Baldwin, May 24, Mrs. Mary Frances Aymar, aged 41¾ years.
In Ellsworth, May 13, John O'Brien Stetson, aged 79¾ years; May 20, Carl Howard Davis; May 18, William I Dorr, aged 59 years.
In East Corinth, April 30, Mrs. Mary Hichborn, age 74 years.
In Farmington, May 23, Mrs. Arzilla S. Wilkins, aged 27 years.
In Frankfort, May 20, Mrs. Dora Perkins, aged 24 years.
In Hermon May 21, Mrs. Emeline Hunt, aged 72 years.
In Jefferson, May 17, infant child of John O. Linscott, aged 3 months; May 20, Mrs. Iserue Tobey aged 70 years.
In Knox, May 12 Hattie L. Hearin, aged 6¾ years.
In Lamoine, May 25, Mrs. Elizabeth A. King, aged 68¾ years.
In New Portland, May 14, Joseph Elliott, aged 87 years; May 16, Eugene M. Parker, aged 10 months.
In North Vienna, April 13, Llewellyn H. Wood, aged 1¾ years.
In North Monmouth, April 29, Mrs. Lydia House, aged 81 years.
In New York, May 17, Mary E. Bailey, aged 43 years, formerly of Palmyra.
In River John, N.S., May 5, Elizabeth McKay Sutherland, aged 80 years.
In Richmond, May 31, Bertha M. Buker, aged 6 months; May 25, Mrs. Elizabeth Bates, aged 59 years.
In Rockland, May 23, Mrs. Lois L. Blackington, aged 62½ years; May 24, Mrs. Adeline F. Bowler, aged 55¾ years.
In Rockport, May 23, Mrs. Caroline C. Piper, aged 53¾ years.
In South Waterford, May 14, Mrs. Emily H. Noble aged 63 years.
In Worcester, Mass., May 16, Ephraim L. Merrihew, formerly of Islesboro, aged 36 years.
In Weeks Mills, May 23, Fred L. Merrill, aged 19¾ years.
In Windsor, April 30, Mrs. Mary E. Marson, aged 96¾ years.

LINCOLN PATENT
Channel Can Creamery!

Deep setting perfected. Gets all the cream in less than ten hours, with ordinary well or running water, or two hours with ice water with less than half the ice called for by any other process. Twenty-five pounds of ice in this creamery will give more butter than can be produced with 100 lbs. of ice in any other creamery. Address for circular, W. E. LINCOLN, Warren, Mass., or the following agents:

KENDALL & WHITNEY, Portland; L. O. COBB, Winthrop; CHAS. GREENWOOD, Lewiston; WILLIAMSON, WARD & COGAN, Augusta; N. DUSTIN & CO., Dexter; R. B. DUNNING, Bangor; O. S. GREENWOOD, Farmington. 28tf

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of May, 1881.*

JOHN V. DEGNON, Administrator on the estate of Asa Degnon, late of Vassalboro, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 28*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of May 1881.*

A petition having been presented for the appointment of J. W. Patterson of Augusta, as Administrator on the estate of William Robbins of Chelsea, deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 28*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of May, 1881.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of Sidney Crane, late of Fayette, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased. EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 28*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of May 1881.*

SARAH A. WATSON, widow of Joseph Watson, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 28*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Mary Jack, late of Litchfield, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to WM. H. SMITH.
May 25, 1881. 28*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Josiah W. Humphrey, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOSEPH W. PATTERSON.
May 23, 1881. 28*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Adoniram Jackson, late of Winthrop, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to EDGAR H. JACKSON.
May 23, 1881. 28*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of William Tobey, late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to NATHAN CLEAVES.
May 23, 1881. 28*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix on the estate of Mary H. Sayer, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOSEPH H. SAYER.
May 25, 1881. 28*

Dwelling House at Auction!

At 3 o'clock Thursday, June 30th, 1881, on the premises, will be sold to the highest bidder, a nice dwelling house and lot, with good cellar, well, cistern, shed, stable, beehouse, located in a nice village—Fairfield Centre, Somerset Co., Me. Terms, half cash, balance on time. For particulars, inquire of LORING FARR, Augusta, or MIRAM JONES, near the place. 41tf3

25 Gold, Silver, Motto, Moss Rose, Ferns, Lintes, etc., all chromo cards, 10 cts. Agents wanted. C. A. VICK, Arbela, Mich. 9t28

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Me. 1y43

50 BEAUTIFUL CHROMO CARDS, 10c, with name. U. S. Card Co., Northford Ct. 1y27

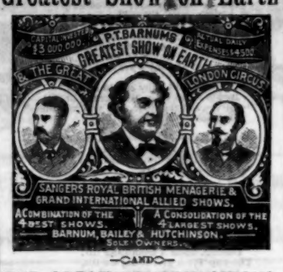
50 all gold, chromo & lily cards, no 2 alike, name on 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct. 26t43

An Exceptionally Brilliant Experiment!

Our Tents enlarged three times since the opening of the season, and yet we are unable to admit all inside who desire to see the Great Combination.

It is fashionable for parties of 30 or 40 to go in a body and be seated together.

P. T. BARNUM'S
Greatest Show on Earth



—AND—

THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS,
Sanger's Royal British Menagerie
—AND THE—
Grand International Allied Shows.
P. T. BARNUM, J. A. BAILEY & J. L. HUTCHINSON, Sole Owners.

United for this Season only, at an expense of over $4,500 daily. Representing a capital of $3,000,000.

AUGUSTA, JUNE 14
TUESDAY,

P. T. BARNUM TO THE PUBLIC.

I pledge my personal honor and my managerial reputation of nearly fifty years, that never before was the memory of man near the pages of history, and probably not since the creation of the world, has there been a combination of exhibitions of such stupendous nature as my "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH," in conjunction with "THE GREAT LONDON SHOWS," that could bear any comparison with ours, either in regard to its unparalleled extent, its wonderful talent, its numerous extraordinary performances, its immense collection of rare living animals and human phenomena, its more than loyal gold, silver and enameled equipages, its gorgeous and exceedingly brilliant tout ensemble; the almost incredible amount of money invested in its outfit, and the $4,500 required each day to pay its ordinary expense.

The Public's Obedient Servant,
P. T. BARNUM.

AN OPEN AVOWAL.

Certainly no sane man in or out of the profession would dispute the apparent fact that P. T. BARNUM'S GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH and THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS, before the present consolidation, were each individually, unequalled in every department necessary to make up a perfect exhibition. The unprecedented popularity and the unusual success of both more than attest this truth. Then, with the admission which every honest man is compelled to make, is it not just as significantly apparent that the harmonious union of both establishments is multiplied their strength and attractiveness two-fold, and that they are now many times larger than any other twain of the Biggest Shows on Earth? We have little hope that this experimental season will prove a very great financial success to us, because of the tremendous expenses attending such a colossal combination; but, should any luck occur, we are able to stand it, and shall experience lively satisfaction in the gratifying knowledge that we have presented to a liberal and critical public—our friend—fully three times the grandest and greatest tented exhibition ever before organized, and which can never, probably, again have its parallel.

Poetry.

The Robins.

They close their nook, the bonnie birds,
'Mid the crab-tree's perfumed snow;
And her three blue eggs the brown hen laid
In her warm soft nest 'neath the blossoms' shade;
And patient she kept her watch of love,
And patient her mate to feed her strove.
But it's oh, and its oh, for the bonnie birds,
For a weary wait they had,
While the hours danced by, 'neath the sweet spring sky,
And the thickets rang where the thrushes sang,
And the fields were with cowslips clad.

They hatched their eggs, the bonnie birds,
By one, by two, by three;
And hour by hour each yellow bill
Gaped wide for the parents' toil to fill;
And the robins, on swift untiring wing,
Tended each clamorous nestling.
But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
For a heavy task was theirs,
As from morn's first light to the fall of night
Still to and fro, on their quest they go,
Nor ever might cease from cares.

They tended their young, the bonnie birds,
Till the counted weeks were past,
Till the down grew dark upon back and crest,
And the red turned bright on each little breast;
And with pitty and twitter and preen of feather,
The brood hopped out of their nest together.
And it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
Who had watched and worked their day;
Worked hour by hour, 'neath sun and shower,
For their task was done, and then one by one
The fledgelings flew away!

—*All the Year Round.*

Our Story Teller.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"O, mother, mother, I am so tired!"

The dewdrops quivered like imperial diamonds upon the broad green plumes of the cornfield by the way side; the grass that bent over the footpath was heavy with evening moisture; yet these two wanderers clung together, homeless and alone, in the failing shadows of the night.

"Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer; let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing from weariness and exhaustion, and the pale, young mother, bending over her in the vain attempt to sooth the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her, and a rough, hearty voice exclaimed:

"What ails the little girl? Is she sick?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer Raynesford before, yet the moment her eyes rested upon his wrinkled, sunburnt face, with the shaggy brows overshadowing his kind eyes, she felt that he was a friend, and made answer promptly:

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We've walked a long way."

"Got much further to go," asked the farmer, tickling his horse's ear with the whip.

"To Brockton."

"That is four miles off, and the little girl is pretty nigh used up already."

"I know it," said the woman, with a sigh. "But I've no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Brockton I hope to obtain work in the factory."

"I won't hear to no such thing," said the old man, energetically. "Why, that child can't go twenty steps further! Here, get in 'long with me. You won't be none the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll scold," he muttered, as he lifted the little girl to his side and extended his hand to the mother; "but I can't see folks perishing by the wayside, and never offer to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof of the ouse off."

It was an oddly shaped old farmhouse, gray with the storms of nearly half of a century, with a broad doorstone, overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where, even in the bloomy month of June, a great fire roared up the wide-throated chimney, and shining rows of tins winked and glittered at every leap of the flames. Such a neat kitchen it was! Mrs. Ellsworth's heart involuntarially warmed at the genial sight.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw the line over a post, and went into the house to conciliate his domestic despot. "Look here, Hannah," said he to a tall, angular looking female, who emerged from a pantry near by, at the sound of his voice, her face nearly or quite as sour as the saucer of pickles she was carrying, "jest set a couple of more plates on the table, will you? I have brought home a woman and a little gal that I found on the road a piece below, tired e'en almost to death. They was calculatin' to walk to Brockton, but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said his better half, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once, and done with it; you're always bringing home some poor, miserable creature or other, and—"

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to hear you when you're anyways reasonable, but it goes clear agin my grain to see poor folks a sufferin' and never stretch out a helping hand. 'Tain't Scriptur', nor 'tain't human natur'.

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife, tartly, "only mark my words if you don't end your days in the poorhouse, 'twon't be through no fault o' your'n" She shut the pantry door with a bang that made all the jelly cups and milk pans rattle, while Job, with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he, apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth sprang to the ground; "she's kind of sharp spoken, but she means well, arter all. We ain't all jest alike in our notions, you know."

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow, with tears in her eyes, "there would be less want and suffering, by far." Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear, he was busy helping little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah," said he, toward the close of the evening meal; "the little gal is so tired she can't eat nothin' solid."

"I was calculatin' to keep the blackberries for the donation party to-morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense," quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh. "I'm having a donation party of my own to-night! Here, little one, see if these berries don't put some color into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth with her hands in her mother's, and her large, blue eyes fixed earnestly on the farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dear," asked Mrs. Ellsworth, once. She drew a long sigh and whispered, "O, mamma, he is so kind to us."

The tops of the far-off eastern woods were turned to gold by that wondrous chemist, the rising sun, when Mary Ellsworth and her child set out upon the long walk to Brockton. Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket and glancing guiltily around to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say a grateful good-bye, a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job with a sleepy air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and if you don't get work in the factory right away, it may be a good deal of use to you. Needn't thank me—you are as welcome as the flowers in May."

"Ten dollars," ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtains of the milk-room windows. "Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give ten dollars to a poor strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind—" And she hastened out, her cap border fairly standing on end with horror. Job awaited the coming tempest with philosophical coolness, his hands in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good-natured smile.

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to the buttermaking, "but she's got the greatest faculty for scoldin' of any woman I ever saw."

The years flitted by, sprinkling the steep old farmhouse roof with the crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the dazzling ermine of January snows, many and many a time. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, care-worn wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! Those swift footed years brought troubles to the kind old man.

"Twenty years," mused he, one bright June morning; "it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years ago this very day that I caught that ugly fall from the hay-rick and got lame for life." And he looked down at the crutches by his side. Hannah stood in the door, throwing corn to a forlorn colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect—she was gauntier, bonier, and more vinegar-faced than ever.

"Yes said she slowly, "and perhaps you don't remember that it was twenty years ago this day that you threw away $10 on that woman and her child. I told you that you'd end your days in the poorhouse, and I don't see but my prediction is likely to come true. Didn't I say you'd repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah," said the old man, "but I've done many things I've been sorry for—but that is not one of them. No I never for a moment repent being kind to the widow and the fatherless."

Hannah shrugged her shoulder, but made no answer. "Didn't you say you were going up to see that lawyer about the $5000 note to-day," she asked.

"Yes, but I don't s'pose it'll be of much use. If he'd wait a little, I'll do my best to please him. Jones says he'll be sure to sell the old place from over our heads, however; they say he's a hard man. I mean to tell him just how matters stand now—"

"I told you how it would be long ago," ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. "What ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I s'posed he was an honest man and wouldn't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlesticks! that's just your calculation, Job! There, Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off, you'll be too late for the New York train." And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's railing tongue.

The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the stained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's superb gothic library. The room was decorated with appurtenances of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs with tall backs of daintily carved rosewood, were scattered here and there; marble vases occupied niches beside the doorway and the rarest pictures hung on the paneled and gilded walls.

But the prettiest object of all—the one which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from his writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely woman in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with white velvet, who stood opposite, arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of berries carved of pink Neapolitan coral at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her small shell-like ears, and the slender waist was tied around with a pink ribbon.

"There, Walter, isn't that pretty, she asked, holding up her completed bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered, looking not at the roses and geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful young wife.

"You are not even noticing it," she said.

"Because I see something so much better worth looking at," he said, playfully.

"Do you really love me so much," she asked, throwing down the flowers, and coming round to his side. "Oh, Walter, if mamma could only have lived to see how happy we are!"

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arms with the prettiest blush in the world, and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's "right hand man" put his grizzled head into the room.

"The old man wants to see you about that Fairweather business."

"Show him in. Don't look so disappointed, love," he said, as the grizzled head disappeared; "I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door."

Mary Everleigh never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never even looked up as the halting sound of old Mr. Raynesford's crutch echoed on the carpet. But the instant he spoke, she started as if an arrow had smitten her, and stood with her large eyes dilated, and her slender hands clasped together, listening as intently as though her life depended upon hearing every word. The old man was pleading and sorrowful, her husband politely inflexible. At length Job Raynesford turned to go.

"Well, sir," he said in a subdued tone, "I don't know much about law and lawbooks, but it does seem hard that an old man should be turned out of the home that has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you are a very rich gentleman, sir—$5000 may seem a small sum to you, but it is my all."

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the momentary silence that succeeded this appeal. "Walter, come here one minute—I want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into a deep recess of the stained-glass bay-window, and standing there with the rosy and amber shadows playing about her lovely brow like some pictured saint, she told him how twenty years ago, a wearied child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kind-hearted stranger; how he had given them money and kind wishes, when they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world.

"But, my love, what has all this to do with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter! I am that little child!"

"You, my dearest!"

"I, my husband; and the noble man who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night, stands yonder, with gray, bowed head and sinking heart."

"Mary, you must surely be mistaken."

"I can not be mistaken, Walter; I should know him among a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon!"

"What is it, dearest?"

"Give me that note he spoke of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of the window in a sort of a reverie, and laid her hand on his arm. "Do you remember the little golden-haired Mary, whom you found, with her mother, wearied out on the roadside twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, lady? It was but this very morning I was recalling the scene."

"And don't you recognize me?" she said, smiling up into his face, as she drew back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary!"

He looked in bewildered silence; all of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hands upon her head with a cheerful blessing. "And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for years, but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you indorsed—my husband has given it to me, see!"

A small spirit lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over the flame until it fell a cloud of light upon the floor.

* * * * *

"Well?"

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door at the instant his crutches sounded on the gravelled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course I know you've nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman? What did he say?"

"Hannah," said old Job Raynesford, slowly folding his gloves, "do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor, young wanderer a score of years ago?"

"Why, of course I do; didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours since? What has that to do with our troubles, pray?"

"Just this—to-day I received payment—principal and interest."

"What do you mean, Job Raynesford?"

"The little golden-haired child that sat beside our hearthstone that June evening is Lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung around my neck like a mill-stone for years. She said it was but discharging a sacred debt of gratitude, but heaven knows I looked for no such reward."

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise that she really could not speak.

"And now, wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes," asked Mr. Raynesford, earnestly.

She came to his side, and hiding her old face on his arm, humbly said—"God be merciful unto me a sinner."

Over-Sensitiveness.

There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offense is imagined. If they meet an acquaintance on the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the the fact of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see imperthence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least the habit is unfortunate. There are people in this world who have something else to do besides talking, joking and complimenting. There are persons who get too weary to answer foolish questions repeated again and again. There are persons who now and then appreciate the privilege of a moment's thought or silence, and it is not needful for over-sensitive persons to construe weariness and care and labor into indifference, unkindness or contempt. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight is intended unless the slight is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious towards us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less constraint and in this way the chance of an imaginary offense is vastly increased.—*The Christian.*

Tom Corwin.

Memories of 1840 are to-day like the history of an almost unknown or forgotten time. That was practically before the day of the newspaper squib and paragraph, and before the day of rapid transit, and Tom Corwin, the king of stumpers, was the first man to introduce ridicule and sarcasm on the stump, and make a success of them. The fund of stories which the older class of politicians continue to tell of Corwin will never be exhausted. I struck one of these men of 1840 recently, and the relations which he gave me are worth repeating.

Corwin had delivered one of his best speeches in Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and the large out-door audience was convulsed with laughter throughout. It was necessary for him to take the stage for the Ohio river, and in the coach were three young men, one of them my informant. All were teachers, and had been to hear the great orator, and felt greatly honored that he was to return in the same coach with them.

They expected he would crack jokes all the way, and as jolly as he appeared on the stump. On the other hand, he was peculiarly moody and sad, and seemed disposed to keep entirely silent. At length he said: "The world will always honor the teacher and despise the clown. Would to God that I had never cracked a joke; but now everybody expects me to be funny, and I am obliged to be so!" He then relapsed into silence, and the young men, appreciating his feelings, were silent to the end of the journey.

Quite the reverse of this is the story which the gentleman told of a mass-meeting in the central portion of the State, addressed by Corwin and the elder Tom Ewing. Ewing spoke in the forenoon, and Corwin was to follow in the afternoon. Ewing delivered a carefully-prepared speech on the issues of the campaign. The people seemed to be restive under it, and desirous for Corwin to appear. At dinner Mr. Corwin said: "You made a great mistake, Ewing, this morning." Mr. Ewing looked exceedingly surprised and annoyed, and sagely asked: "What could it have been, Mr. Corwin?" "Why, you talked to those people's brains. They hain't got any brains. Lord! wait till I get up and talk at the pit of their stomachs; then you'll see them give attention. They'll appreciate that."

When Mr. Corwin's son, the late Dr. W. H. Corwin, was attending Dennison University, his teachers became alarmed at his sitting up too late nights, and thought he was overstudying. They wrote to his father in regard to the matter. Mr. Corwin addressed his son as follows on the subject: "My son, I understand that there is danger of your injuring yourself by over mental exertion. There are so few young men in these days who go that way, that I desire to say that should you kill yourself from too much study, it would give me great pleasure to attend your funeral."

Corwin spoke less on the Reserve, perhaps, than in any other portions of the State. He was fond of relating anecdotes in regard to the peculiarities of the people in this portion of the State. One of these ran something as follows: "I was unfortunate enough on a certain occasion to speak in the little town of D——, on the Western Reserve. You have all heard of the Western Reserve and her Yankees, I presume, and so I need not particularly describe them. Well, the meeting was to be held in the Presbyterian church. I was escorted to the house by one of the most respectable citizens, and took my seat in front of the big, high pulpit, which was boxed up on the side of the wall half way up to the ceiling. Finally, after a prolonged, deathlike stillness, a man arose back in the center of the room, and said: 'I nominate Jonathan Edwards for chairman of this meeting."

Another man got up in another part of the room and said: "I second the motion." After a while another man got up and said: "You hev all heered the motion and the second; you that favor it say, Aye; contrary, No. Mr. Jonathan Edwards is elected President of this meeting. Mr. Edwards came solemnly forward, and, after being seated a few minutes, arose and said: Ladies and gentlemen, you hev come together to-night to listen to the Hon. Mr. Thomas Corwine on the political issues of the day. If Mr. Corwine will come forward, I will introduce him to the audience.' I went forward. The chairman said further: "This is the Hon. Mr. Thomas Corwine, who will address you!" I thought I would break that dronishness, or kill myself; I told my funniest stories; I cracked my best jokes in profusion; I lavished remarks that would lay a Southern Ohio audience up with the pleurisy; but all were as solemn as though I was pronouncing the funeral oration over Cock Robin. Occasionally I would see a fellow put his hands to his face and bend down as though in devotion; but when his face came up it was again solemn. At length I gave up in despair. After we were all out of the church one of them came up to me, and, doubling himself up with laughter, he said: 'Mr. Corwine, you said some of the (te-he-he) funniest (te-he-he) things I ever heered (te-he-he-he)! I du declare you came pretty near making me laugh right out in meetin'!' What a terrible calamity that would have been! But to the Western-Reserve Yankee a laugh in the house of worship, or 'meetin'-house,' as he calls it, would be an unpardonable sin."—*Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.*

True Idea of Marriage.

Dr. Yancy delivered a sermon on marriage, in Louisville, Kentucky, with the following remarks under the head of "Companionship:" "Marriage is the association of husband and wife. They should be together, except when separated by duty. No company should be so delightful to the wife as her husband's, and the husband should seek the company of none with the same pleasure as he seeks that of his wife. This is the obligation of marriage. Companionship is help.

Husband and wife have a mission to perform, and in accomplishing this mission each has a part. The wife has her domestic duties; the husband his business affairs. Both are essential to success. Each is to be interested in his own sphere and also in that of the other. God said: 'It is not good for man to be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him'—a help worthy of him. A good wife is a man's best helper—a helper in his business, a helper in adversity, in poverty. The prevailing notion is that a man is not ready to marry unless he has enough to 'support' a wife. And there are young ladies who would not think of marrying a man who has no money. Begone with all such miserable perversions of marriage! About a hundred years since there lived in London John Flaxman, a young artist of great promise. At twenty years of age, John Flaxman married Ann Denman, a cheerful, noble woman. A friend of Flaxman and an old bachelor, who, of course, was expected to have no better views of marriage, said: 'So, Flaxman, I am told you are married: if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist.' Going home, Flaxman, taking a seat by his wife, with her hand in his, said: 'Ann, I am ruined for an artist.' 'How so, John? How has it happened, and who has done it?' 'It happened,' he replied, 'in the church, and Ann Denman has done it?' He went on to tell her what his friend had said, how that if an artist would excel, he must bring all his powers to bear on his work, and that if he would become a great artist, he should visit Rome and Florence, and study the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and others. 'And I,' said Flaxman, 'would be a great artist.' 'And a great artist you shall be,' said his wife, 'and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great.' 'But how?' asked Flaxman. 'Work and economize,' was the reply. 'I will never have it said that Ann Denman ruined John Flaxman for an artist.' 'I will go to Rome,' said he, 'and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good, rather than his harm, and you, Ann, shall accompany me.' They worked, they economized, they went to Rome. John Flaxman studied the great authors, and returned to London a great artist; and Ann Denman helped to lift him to this pinnacle of fame."

A Wife's Mission.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of the common sense there is in the world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting excentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots pared away—in marriage. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Young Folks' Column.

The Baby's Prayer.

"Lord b'ess papa, mamma, Daisy,"
The baby prayed to-day,
"Kitty, Bose, and ole brack Thomas—
What else s'all I say?
I can't fink of nuffin mo-ah,
(Stoopid work to p'ay!)
'Hush' for what I'd like to know, now,
You old Mamma Gray?
Ain't I p'yed, and p'ay-ed
Time 'n time again?
I've forgut the way to end it—
Why don't you tell me ven?
For whose sake, mamma—say?
I'm—so—s'eepy—oh, I 'member—
For Pity's sake, Amen!"

Who chides the child? I kiss and hush.
Silent I join the group down stairs
That rest and linger by the fire
To laugh at baby's prayers.

"And what did baby say to-night?"
But low I answer, with grave brow:
"She prayed for Bose, and you and me—"
I cannot tell them now

How full the mood the child has drawn
And pressed upon a musing heart!
Amid the happy household chat
I sit like one apart.

My thoughts like prayers move solemnly;
"Oh, Lord," I say, "the great, the wise,
The weak, the miserable, are
All children in Thine eyes.

"We take the name of Thy dear Son
Daring, upon a trembling lip;
The cup Thou givest us, we lift,
And shrink, and taste, and sip,

"And try to say, 'For Jesus' sake;'
Dear Lord, the babe is wisest when,
Fearless and clear, she pleads with Thee
'For Pity's sake, Amen."

"Oh, truer than the sacred phrase
That time from Christian years has spun,
Is he who prays, nor questions if
Pity and Christ are one!"

Wide Awake.

Poor Grandma's Cat.

Grandma stood on the porch, with Kitty Gray at her side. Johnny trotted up the stone walk, where once years ago, his father trotted up.

"Run out in the kitchen, Johnny, if you are hungry after your ride," said grandma, with a kiss "and Ann will give you a lunch."

Ann, busy at work, with her sleeves above her elbows, did not like little boys, but she gave him two ginger-snaps, and sent him out of doors.

On the green grass, under trees laden with sweet apple-blossoms, Johnny lay watching the ants busy at work. Of a sudden he cried,—

"My, what a splendid horse he will make!"

For Kitty Gray had come out to stretch and sleep in the sunshine.

Into the house ran Johnny for a string, which Grandma gave him, never dreaming of the dreadful thing he was planning.

"Now, Mr. Cat, get up, sir!"

"Yeaow!" cried puss.

"I tell you, Mr. Pony, you need ex'cise! You is fat and lazy."

"Yeaow!" said Kitty again, very deep.

"Bad horse!" cried Johnny, "open your mout and let me put the reins in!"

Johnny took hold of Kitty's mouth with one of his hands, and Kitty took hold of Johnny's hand with both of his. They were soft, white hands, but the finger-nails had not been cut for years, and were long and sharp.

"Yeaow! yeaow! yeaow!" cried Johnny himself, as he caught Kitty and ran towards the well. If Mr. Puss had been the stronger, he would have thrown Johnny down; as it was, in he went himself, down, down, spitting, scratching and yowling, down, splash into the water! then up again, very wet and miserable, clinging to the sides of the well, and crying so pitifully that Johnny began to cry himself.

"Grandma! Grandma!" he cried, running into the house, "Kitty is in the well!"

"My dear old Kitty Gray!" screamed Grandma. "Run, Johnny, ring the dinner-bell to call Jack Stout! Oh, dear, what will we do?"

And Jack Stout, way off in a field planting corn, heard the dinner-bell ringing.

"Why," said he, looking at the sun. "it can't be more than ten o'clock! Something has happened. I must hurry."

Just as he got to the last fence, he saw Johnny with the bell.

"What is the matter?', he cried.

Ding dong bell! "Kitty is in the well," answered Johnny.

Big Jack Stout knew just what to do; he took Kitty out. Grandma wrapped him in a warm flannel, and put him behind the kitchen stove.

"How little he is, now he's wet, and how sad he looks," said Johnny. "I wouldn't have drownded him if he'd looked like that; but he scratched me awful, when I chust wanted to teach him how to drive."

When Papa called for Johnny he missed Kitty Gray, who always came out with Grandma to receive visitors.

"Where's Kitty?" said he.

"He got in the well," answered Grandma.

"Who put him in?"

"Little Johnny Green."

"Who took him out!"

"Big Jack Stout."

"What a naughty boy was that," said Papa, "to drown poor Grandma's cat, who never did any harm, but caught the mice in Grandpa's barn!"

And that, children, is the true story of Johnny Green.—*Companion.*

So Strange.

The sparrow saw it first, and told the rabbit.

"The poor thing will take cold sitting on the damp grass," said she.

Mr. Rabbit pricked up his ears and walked over the grass towards the tree where Miss Sparrow sat on a low branch.

"It is very dangerous," said he. The rabbit liked to use long words. The hen used to say it was because he had such big ears that the little words got lost in them. Then he sat down and folded his paws in front and winked his pink eyes very fast. The sparrow flew down beside him, and they both looked at it.

There it sat, in a long white dress, with red shoes and striped stockings, and without any hat. Its eyes were blue, and very bright. Its hair was yellow, and its cheeks as red as a rose.

"She keeps very quiet," said the rabbit.

"Yes. She seems to stare in a stupid way, and the sparrow thought it would be nicer to sit in the tree. The cat asked the rabbit what he was looking at so carefully.

"I don't know, madam. It has hands and feet, and wears clothes."

The cat lived in the house with the family, and though herself very wise, so she said, "it's one of those foolish children. They do so many strange things nobody ever can understand them."

"It will take a bad cold," remarked the sparrow.

"And get its dress all green," said the rabbit.

"Here comes the dog," said the cat. "No doubt he will call the family and have them take the silly thing into the house."

The dog walked up to the party, and said "Good morning" in a friendly way.

"You should call the folks," said the cat.

"Thank you, madam. I know my duty. I'll pull its dress and bark, and then it will know it's time to go home."

Who should appear, just then, but Mary, driving her hoop along the garden walk. The sparrow twittered gayly, and the cat purred in the sweetest manner. The rabbit hopped away over the grass with long leaps, while Mr. Dog barked twice, as much as to say; "Do look at that!"

"O, dear!" said Mary. "If there is n't my new doll sitting on the grass under that tree! I quite forgot her."—*Our Little Ones.*

Sayings of the Little Ones.

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
Therefore glad and gay I am,"

was a hymn which dear Willie was fond of repeating. One day Willie was disobedient, and his mamma said she would have to punish him. "I should fink," he said; "you would not like to punish Jesus' little lamb."

Bettina had a pony which was called hers, though papa and mamma drove it. The pony was very naughty one day, and papa had to whip him. Bettina felt very sad, and said, "I wish my dear horse could die, and go right to his heavenly Father. Then he wouldn't be whipped."

"Aunt Mary, what makes you wear such a freckled veil?" asked Lucy, looking at her auntie's veil of dotted lace.

"Mamma, who puts the tabooonery into the flowers?" inquired Jessie, as she smelled a pink.

When little Johnnie was learning to talk, he took special delight in responding "Amen," after his father had asked a blessing upon the food, as the family sat at table. One day a visitor was with them, and having performed this service, as Johnnie's papa had requested him to do, he closed with saying "Amen." This was something that Johnnie had not been accustomed to, and it almost broke his little heart. The tears poured down his cheeks very fast, and he turned his grieved little face toward mamma, while his voice was almost choked with sobs, as he said: "Oh, mamma! he said it *himself!*"

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